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THE

MERCHANT'S WIDOW,

AND

OTHER TALES.

BY

MRS. CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

NEW YORK:
P. PRICE, 130 FULTON STREET.

1841.

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DEDICATION.

To one whom I have found ever ready to aid me by his counsel, and to encourage me by his sympathy — my husband — I would affectionately dedicate this little volume.

THE AUTHOR.

NFY! E SPLIN

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PREFACE.

It is not without a feeling of diffidence, that the author of the following tales appears, for the first time, in the present manner, as a competitor for public favor. She is sensible that the little volume she now presents her readers contains many imperfections, but she nevertheless hopes that, humble and unpretending as it is, their indulgence if not their judgment will discover in it more to approve than to condemn. She believes that the most fastidious will be able to detect nothing in its pages that militates against the interest of morality and religion, for it has been her constant aim not only to show the deformity of vice, but to hold up virtue in its most attractive colors.

The "Merchant's Widow" is entirely a work of fancy, but it is hoped that it is not altogether

an unsuccessful effort to portray the evils too frequently resulting from the present injudicious system of fashionable female education.

The story of the "Unequal Marriage" is no fiction, and there are those yet living to whom the principal circumstances which make up the tale, are as familiar as "household words."

The opening chapter of the story of the "Lonely Burial," is also but a literal and unembellished transcript of a scene, of which the author was, a few years since, an actual, and deeply-moved spectator.

Such as the volume is, it is humbly offered to the public; and that it may be found not only interesting but instructive also, is the fervent wish of

C. M. S.

New York, *March 25th*, 1841.

THE MERCHANT'S WIDOW.

CHAPTER I.

"Alas! the proud are slow to feel
For outcasts, wretched and forlorn!

They pass the shivering wretches by,
They thrust the needy from their door,
And look on want with stony eye:
Oh God! have mercy on the poor!"

"A LITTLE charity, for God's sake! my children are starving!" fell on my ear, in soft but agonized accents, as I was, one winter evening, just at dark, thridding my way through one of the crowded thoroughfares of New York. My course was instantly arrested by the voice of distress, and, turning around, I perceived that the prayer had been uttered by a female, who seemed shivering alike with cold and misery. Her clean, but faded calico frock was thin and

old, and the scanty and threadbare shawl which enveloped her shoulders, seemed fitted for the temperature of summer rather, than for the keen and biting cold of such a wintry day; while the light and unlined muslin bonnet which covered her head, appeared intended more as a strainer for the searching wind, than for a protection against it.

She was addressing a mild and benignant looking gentleman, considerably advanced in years, and as she wrung her ungloved hands, which, though purple with the cold, were yet small and delicately formed, I saw that commiseration and sympathy were at work in his bosom. He instantly put his hand in his pocket, and, drawing forth a dollar, was about presenting it to the poor petitioner, when, seeming to recollect himself, he checked the impulse; "No," said he, "I do not doubt your worth or your necessity, but I would rather go with you, and relieve your wants at your own house. Tell me where you live."

"Not far from here," answered the poor woman. "It is just around in Mott street. It is a wretched home, but come and see my poor

suffering children, and may God bless you for your kindness!"

They instantly started, and, as the woman turned toward me, the sight of her young and lovely countenance, down which the tears were fast streaming, so touched my heart, that, cold and near night as it was, I could not forbear following. When arrived at her dwelling, however, trusting that her kind-looking companion would relieve her wants for that evening, I deemed it most prudent to speed my way home, without entering, or even addressing her. I therefore carefully observed the number of the door, that I might be able to find it the next day, and hastened homeward.

I reached my domicil in safety, and was soon seated in a warm and comfortable apartment, and by a cheerful and well-filled supper table. But as the hissing urn poured forth its fragrant contents, the image of that poor mother, hungry and fireless, and surrounded by her helpless and starving children, rose up reproachfully before me. I felt as if I had been selfish and unfeeling, in trusting to the probability of her being relieved by another. To be sure, he whom she

had addressed, and who had accompanied her to her door, looked benevolent, and would most likely supply her most immediate and pressing wants, but then there was a possibility that he might not do so. "What if some of her children should really starve, or what if one of them should freeze to death this very night!" The thought was too dreadful to endure. Something at my heart told me I had no right to eat, when I knew others whom I might have relieved were dying for want of food, and, laying down my knife, I felt as if another mouthful would choke me.

After retiring from the tea-table, I related the circumstance to a friend, and proposed that he should go with me, and carry a basket of food to the poor woman that evening. He readily acceded to the proposal, and we were soon equipped for our walk, and armed with a large basket, well stored with different kinds of food, such as I thought would be most comfortable for the family in their present suffering condition.

The wind swept in freezing and fitful gusts down the streets as we sallied forth, but wrapping my cloak tightly about me, I thought of

being without food or fire on such a wintry night, and faced the breeze without a murmur at its keenness. We soon reached the miserable dwelling to which we were bound, and, knocking at the door, were after some hesitation bade to come in. We entered a low and dilapidated apartment, which was occupied by the woman whom I had seen in the street, and three small children; the two eldest of whom were busied in devouring the remnants of a loaf of bread, while the mother sat rocking the youngest in her arms. I saw that charity had been there before me, for a small fire was burning on the hearth, toward which the children occasionally held out their hands, with a look of satisfaction and happiness, which told more plainly than words that they knew what it was to be deprived of its comfort.

'Do not disturb yourself," said I, as the poor woman was about rising at our entrance; "we will wait on ourselves. I saw you this afternoon in the street, and heard your earnest appeal for charity, and could not rest until I had seen whether you were provided for."

We seated ourselves by the fire, and a slight

flush passed over her pale and expressive countenance, and a tear glittered in her large, dark eye, as she replied, in one of the sweetest voices I ever heard, "You are very kind, madam, and may God bless you, and another also in whom I have found kindness and sympathy, when I was almost in despair. The gentleman to whom I made my appeal this afternoon, and which you must have heard, has sent me fuel and food, which have, I believe, saved us from freezing and starvation. For I had literally not one mouthful of food, or one particle of fuel, in my miserable house, and no solitary means of procuring either, when I sallied forth this afternoon, for the first time in my life — to beg! Ah, I can never tell what my feelings were, as I walked up and down the street for a whole hour, before I could summon the courage to petition a single person! I was almost frozen with the bitter cold, and I knew that my poor hungry children were crying at home, without fire, or a mouthful to satisfy the ravenous cravings of hunger, and yet I dared not subject myself to the repulse, and perhaps insult I might meet, should I dare to say that I was starving. Many passed

me who gave me one cold and careless glance, but I felt as if they were bound up in selfishness or worldly interest, and would not heed the prayer of one so poor and wretched as myself; and I suffered them to go on without making any attempt to arrest their attention.

"At last, when hope was almost dead within me, I saw a lady, richly attired, and holding by the hand a little child, who was decorated with all the ornaments which wealth and fashion could furnish, approaching me. I remembered the time when my own children were dressed with equal care, and never was the bitterness of my lot more keenly felt than at that cruel moment. But it was no time for the indulgence of such feelings, and as I gazed on the delicate face of the sweet child, and saw the look of affection which the lady fixed upon it, hope again revived in my bosom. 'Here is a *mother*,' thought I, 'and surely here the tale of my suffering little ones must meet with sympathy and relief!' As the lady reached me I held out my hands toward her, but the hot tears were pouring down my face, and my voice was so choked that I could scarcely find utterance for my petition. But at

last I succeeded in telling her my distress, and that of my children, when, after listening a moment, she put her hand in her reticule, and drawing forth one penny, presented it to me.

"'Here,' said she, 'take this! Why don't you go to the poorhouse? I have no patience with beggars. Let me pass, will you? You will frighten my child!'

"'Ma, I am not afraid of her,' lisped the little girl, 'and she may have my sixpence!'

"As she held up the little coin for my acceptance, my first thought was to refuse it, but the second told me I had no right to do so, and I suffered her to drop it into my hand. The hot blood mounted to the cheeks of the mother at this sight; but 'You had better go to work instead of begging,' was her only comment, and she swept on without another look, leaving me standing alone in all my wretchedness. 'May God bless you, sweet child,' said I, gazing after them for one grateful moment, 'and may you never know the misery which has fallen upon my own, helpless children.'

"I turned away, and looking at the trifling pittance in my hand, 'What is this,' thought I,

'to provide food and fuel for my suffering family, and to whom could I apply for more?' It was beginning to grow dark, and sick and despairing, I was turning to go home, when I met a gentleman who seemed different from any other I had seen, and I resolved to make one more effort. There was something kind and benignant in his countenance, which encouraged me, but yet it was with a feeling of desperation that I approached him, and begged him for the love of God to assist me. I was not deceived in his looks; as you saw, he accompanied me home, and gave me this fuel, and a dollar to purchase provisions, with a promise to call again to-morrow. God will reward him, I cannot."

Here the poor woman ended her recital, and, wiping away the tears with which her face was covered, arose to deposite her child which she had been rocking to sleep, in a bed which stood in one corner of the room. While she was thus occupied, I observed the two elder children casting a longing eye toward the basket I had brought with me, and drying my eyes, which had been wet more than once during the last half hour, I uncovered it, and taking out a hand-

ful of crackers, handed them to the little ones, who commenced eating them with an appetite which seemed not yet half-satisfied.

It was now quite late, and thinking it best to defer any inquiries into the history of the unfortunate mother, until some other time, I emptied the contents of my basket upon the table, and, promising to call again the next day, arose to go. She accompanied us to the door, and amid tears and thanks which touched our hearts, we departed. The weather was colder than when we left home, but the thought of having helped to administer comfort to one sad heart, kept us warm, and we reached our abode, glowing with cheerfulness and satisfaction.

CHAPTER II.

"Pleasure that comes unlooked-for, is thrice welcome;
And if it stir the heart, if aught be there,
That may hereafter in a thoughtless hour,
Wake but a sigh, 'tis treasured up among
The things most precious; and the day it came,
Is noted as a white day in our lives."

ROGERS' *Italy*.

ACCORDING to my promise, the next morning I sallied forth once more to visit the poor widow, resolving to inquire into her history, and endeavor, if possible, to devise some means by which she could, at least, aid in supporting herself and little ones.

As I reached her abode, the benevolent gentleman who had afforded her relief the evening before, was just entering. The poor woman appeared grateful and happy to see us, and invited us to sit down with a grace and politeness which is not often equalled. While the old gentleman was inquiring after her health, and

petting the children, I had leisure to look about me, and make such observations as I was unable to do at my previous visit. The apartment, which seemed to be the only one occupied by its destitute tenant, though furnished in the meanest and most scanty manner, was scrupulously clean and tidy; while the children, though a good deal patched and threadbare, were free from the smallest particle of dirt. But it was evident from the texture not only of their garments, but of their mother's also, that they had seen better days; and I was confirmed in this opinion, by the modest propriety visible in the deportment of the whole family.

"Well," said the old gentleman, "I have come to see what can be done to benefit your situation, and this lady, who entered with me, has I hope come on the same errand. At any rate she looks as if she had."

Somewhat flattered at this compliment to my physiognomy, and secretly lauding his discernment, I very readily assented to the gentleman's supposition, and he went on: —

"You seem to be one who would like honest independence better than dependance, and I

suppose would, therefore, be glad to procure some respectable employment, to enable you to support yourself and these nice, modest-looking little folks. I like modest children, and let me tell you ma'am, it was your children more than anything else that made me get up so much earlier than usual this morning, and that has kept my old brain harder at work thinking what could be done for you, than it has worked before for many a day. But tell me what employment would you like? What can you do that would be profitable?"

"Indeed, sir," answered the poor woman with a deep sigh, "I hardly know what I could do that would yield me a tolerable support. Unfortunately, I was brought up in a part of the country where females are taught scarcely anything that is useful; and until I came to this city, I had hardly learned to dress myself; and many and many an hour of bitter regret have I since spent at my own helplessness."

"Shame! folly!" exclaimed the old gentleman with a look of pity at the poor mother, "shame to bring up girls in such a way! Instead of teaching them to become useful and

valuable members of society, to make mere dolls and puppets of them! Just as if riches had no wings, and there was no possibility of their ever being obliged to earn their own bread by their own labor! But you certainly must know how to sew, or your children's clothes would not be so nicely patched."

"Yes, sir," answered she, "I believe I can now do plain sewing tolerably well. Necessity has been a stern and uncompromising teacher, and since my troubles came upon me, I have endeavored, to the best of my ability, to learn how to make everything I had left turn to the very best advantage. And I think I have succeeded as well as most persons in making, by industry and contrivance, a little go a great way. Otherwise my children might have appeared as ragged and neglected as those of thousands of others in my situation."

"Yes, yes;" said the old gentleman, "I see, I see! And you may thank your stars, that you had the good sense and the resolution to learn to work and contrive, after being brought up to do nothing! But since you say you can do plain sewing, and since I see that it is no false

and idle boast, I can very easily settle that matter. I know of several families who will let you have work to do, and as I am a pretty extravagant old fellow myself, I shall want you to do a good deal for me, and then if this lady has a mind to let you have a little, we can keep you in employment the whole time. And since I am on the subject, I may as well tell you that it is not my way to let those who work for me starve."

"I thank you, sir, I thank you!" answered the grateful woman, as she wiped away the first tears of joy she had shed for many a day. "You have given me new life by your kindness, and I hope I may be able to deserve it."

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed the old gentleman, dashing his hand across his eyes, "it is nothing! nothing at all! I am only going to pay you for work I want done, and if I pay you better than the shops, or than a miser, whose business is it? And now that matter arranged, if you have no objections, I should like to hear a little of your story, and know where you were brought up."

"I can certainly have no objections," she

replied, "but, to make you understand all, I shall be obliged to go back a long way. You will find my story a sad one, but I suppose there are thousands of others who have trodden as thorny a path as myself.

"I was born and educated in Savannah. My father was an opulent merchant of that city, and as I was an only child, he spared no pains or expense to give me every accomplishment which is in the southern states, considered necessary for a young lady to possess. Among these accomplishments, unfortunately, nothing really useful finds a place, for, in consequence of the existing state of society there, employment of almost every kind is considered degrading. Everything is done by the blacks, while the white population grow up the most helpless and indolent beings imaginable. In this manner was it my misfortune to be educated. I literally knew not how to prepare the simplest article of food which appeared upon my father's table, or to hem the pocket handkerchief which a slave was summoned to bring me, if I had chanced to leave it in the next room.

"Thus totally unqualified for the duties of a

housekeeper, and the responsibilities of the marriage state, at the age of fifteen I became the wife of a merchant of Mobile, and removed with him to that city. He was an amiable and upright man, of the most regular business habits, standing high in the estimation of his fellow-citizens, and beloved and respected by all who knew him. Every one prophesied a life of felicity, and with every appearance of reason, for my husband was unbounded in his affection and indulgence toward me; I was devotedly attached to him; we were rich in worldly goods, and happiness seemed to have marked us for her own. But such a state of blessedness could not long continue, and sorrowful days were in store for us.

"It was the time when the spirit of speculation ran like wild-fire through our country, blighting the hopes and ruining the fortunes of so many. My father having amassed a fortune, had long since retired from business, but he was seized with the prevailing mania, aud persuading my husband to unite with him, they both hazarded their whole property in an extensive cotton speculation. At the time they made their

contracts, cotton bore unusually high prices in the market, but the general impression was that they would be higher still, and they plunged headlong into the enterprise, certain of a ready sale and a splendid interest. By-and-by the bubble burst. The fatal pressure of 1837 came on, inextricably deranging the mercantile affairs of the whole country, and while all were wishing to sell, few were able to buy. The cotton in which my husband and father had invested their all, lay dead in the storehouses of Europe, but their contracts must be met, and a forced and ruinous sale was the consequence.

"It is needless to state the result. They shared the fate of almost every merchant of Mobile, and of thousands of others throughout the entire country, and became bankrupts, beggars. This sudden and unexpected blow, acting upon a constitution already enfeebled by age and disease, proved fatal to my poor father. He never held up his head afterward. He was immediately seized with a violent nervous fever, and in three short weeks from the day in which the failure of his cotton speculation was announced to him, he was in his grave.

"My husband sacrificed all, with the exception of a few hundred dollars, to his creditors. We retrenched our expenses in every possible way, or rather he did so, for I was like a helpless and terrified, but passive child, incapable of thinking or acting, and burdening and discouraging my husband by my helplessness and inefficiency, instead of aiding and inspiring him by my energy and courage.

"At last all was definitely arranged. Our house and furniture were parted with, our slaves were all sold, and our expenditures reduced to the lowest possible amount. We rented a small and cheap house, hired one woman to undertake the management of our household affairs, and assist in taking care of my two children, and we lived in the cheapest and plainest style.

"But trifling as our expenditures now were, we soon found that to those who had literally no income, they were formidable and alarming. Our little money was fast dwindling away, and my husband, despairing of doing anything for our support in Mobile, resolved on removing to New York. He was a native of this city, and had spent the earlier portion of his life here,

and it was not until after the death of his parents that he removed to the south. He was, therefore, not without the hope of meeting with ultimate success in the home of his youth, for his parents had left some warm friends whom he hoped to discover, and who would undoubtedly interest themselves so much in his behalf, as to aid his endeavors to procure some honorable and profitable employment. Among these friends was one who had been the playmate of his mother in her childhood, and the companion of her youth, and who, it was more than suspected, had for her sake always remained unmarried. We had learned that he had a few years since returned from the East Indies, with an enormous fortune, and it was on him that my husband most relied for advice and assistance.

"We arrived in New York, but, alas! the blight had reached here also. Business was prostrated, and thousands, thrown out of employment, were suffering for the commonest necessaries of life. The few friends whom my husband was able to discover, were too much absorbed in their own difficulties, to attend to

his; and, although some promised him their assistance, none rendered him the least. The one on whom he most relied, the early friend of his mother, was unfortunately not to be found. At length, however, we learned that he had been two or three years travelling in Europe, and no one knew when he would return.

"Thus every hope seemed to be cut off when my husband providentially obtained a clerkship in a small retail dry-goods store, at the miserable salary of four hundred dollars a year. But it was better than nothing, and we immediately arranged our affairs in accordance with it. We hired the upper part of a small house, at a rent of one hundred and fifty dollars a year, trusting, although all the necessaries of life were then enormously dear, to be able to live on the remaining two hundred and fifty.

"As keeping a domestic was entirely out of the question, I was compelled to the arduous and untried task of doing my own work, without any assistance. And a bitter task did it prove to me! With the little money remaining from the wreck of our property in Mobile, we had purchased a few indispensable articles of

furniture; and those I contrived to manage tolerably well. But when it came to the daily routine of necessary but nameless household duties, I was entirely in the dark. I knew not where to begin, nor what to do. By rising very early, my husband contrived to do our marketing; but how to dress and prepare what he furnished, I knew not; and the cheap and miserable articles to which our poverty obliged us to confine ourselves, were rendered still more miserable by my entire ignorance of the art of cooking. For many, many weeks, I can truly say, we had not a meal on our table that was not spoiled by my mismanagement. My husband said everything by way of encouragement, assuring me I should soon learn how to manage better: but I was almost in despair. My children, too, began to look shabby and neglected; for, occupied as I was the whole of my time in doing that which, had I known how to work, need not have taken but a few hours a day, I had no opportunity to repair their clothes as they began to show signs of wearing out; and I drudged at my daily toil with a heavy heart.

"At last, an old lady, a poor widow, occupy-

ing an apartment in our house, who saw how things went on, and easily divined the cause, one day came into my room as I was crying over my wash-tub, my fingers bleeding in twenty places, and kindly offered to assist me, and to show me how to do any kind of work with which I might be unacquainted. Never did words fall more sweetly on my ear! She seemed like an angel sent from heaven to my relief! I readily and gratefully accepted her kind offer; and before she had been with me one hour, I had opened my whole heart, and told her all my troubles. That day I was able, for the first time, to set before my husband a well-cooked and palatable dinner. My meat was, to be sure, of the cheapest quality, but good old Mrs. Morris had contrived by her skilful management, to make an excellent dish; and never was I more pleased than I was to see the relish with which he partook of it.

"From that day I began to improve in my spirits, and in the management of my household affairs. Mrs. Morris, who was an adept at all kinds of housework, and seemed to know the best and easiest way of doing everything, watch-

ed over and directed my awkward efforts with all a mother's care and tenderness, encouraging me when my spirits were sinking, and lending a ready hand whenever she saw that it was needed. Under a guidance so kind and efficient, I soon learned to perform my work in less than half the time it had formerly taken, and to perform it well. She taught me how to repair my husband's and my children's clothes, and to make the most of small means. As I advanced in knowledge and experience, new hope seemed to dawn upon me, and I began to look forward with confidence to better times. But, alas! I was destined soon to learn that my misfortunes were but just begun.

"My husband, who was the only clerk in the store in which he was engaged, was often obliged to carry parcels for customers from one end of the city to the other. Long unused to the rigors of a northern winter, and with a constitution broken and enervated by a protracted residence in a southern climate, he was quite unfitted for such a service, particularly in the bad weather to which we were that winter more than usually subject. On one cold, damp,

day, when the melting snow was, at the crossings, nearly over shoes, he was obliged to carry a parcel for a lady who resided more than a mile from the store. He had been for two or three days more than usually unwell, and his boots, unfortunately, admitting the water, he was seized with a violent cold, which terminated in an inflammation of the lungs. After a long struggle, apparently between life and death, he at length partially recovered. But an obstinate and hollow cough, and a hectic flush on his sunken cheeks, plainly indicated to those who were more familiar with the disease than I, that he was in the first stage of a consumption. Eager, however, to replace, if possible, the sums expended during his illness, he returned to his business with renewed zeal; and I, strangely blind as I was to the fatal indications of disease which were but too visible to others, was again filled with hope and happiness.

Two or three months went by: spring came—the time of buds and blossoms—and it became apparent, even to my unpractised eye, that the health of my husband was fast declining. The hollow cough had become more frequent and

more violent, the hectic had deepened on his sunken cheek, and his dark blue eye wore a startling and unnatural brightness. I could not but see that his respiration was quick and labored, and that his once elastic step was now feeble and faltering. I was, as it were in a moment, thoroughly awakened to his danger, and, in the utmost alarm, urged and entreated him to relinquish his business, if it were but for a week, and instantly to seek medical advice. He yielded to my entreaties so far as to apply to a physician; but no arguments or prayers could prevail upon him to absent himself from his employment even for one day.

"'My children and my wife must have bread!' he would exclaim; 'and I cannot afford time to be sick! Besides, I do not consider it necessary to lay by, for I apprehend no real danger: the unfavorable symptoms which so alarm you — this cough which, I acknowledge, is rather troublesome, and this temporary debility, are only the relics of my fever, and will all wear away as soon as warm weather returns. This cold, changeable climate does not seem to agree with me as well as formerly. But do not

alarm yourself, my dear wife, summer will set me up again!'

"Half deceived by his assurances, I ceased to oppose his continued attention to business; and resolutely shutting my eyes to the reality that he was every day becoming weaker and weaker, I looked forward with impatient longing to the appearance of summer, which I vainly fancied was to prove an elixir of life to the poor invalid.

"The wished-for season at length came, but, alas, it brought no healing on its wings. Instead of gaining health and strength beneath its balmy influence, Henry seemed hastening with redoubled rapidity to the grave. Hope died away in my heart, and after again vainly endeavoring to induce him to remain at home when he could scarcely drag himself to the store, I went myself to his employer, and entreated his assistance in persuading my husband to give up labor, and endeavor to regain his health. He was a charitable, benevolent man, and though doing but a meager business, he performed a deed of kindness and generosity, which I shall never forget. He not only persuaded him to give up

business, but, although the year for which he had engaged with him yet lacked more than three months of its expiration, he actually insisted on paying him for the whole period. Henry at first resolutely declined the generous offer, but the absolute want which was staring us in the face, and the continued entreaties of his kind employer, at length overcame his scruples, and he yielded.

"Rest and careful nursing, seemed for a while to realize our hopes, and Henry for a few days appeared better. But it was only a delusive amendment, and he was soon unable to leave his bed for more than an hour or two in a day. Our money meanwhile was rapidly fading away, and it became imperiously necessary that we should seek a cheaper tenement than the one we then occupied. After much searching, I found this one in which I now reside. It was a miserable place compared with our former one, but we were too poor to hesitate long, and giving up the pleasant dwelling where we had promised ourselves so much quiet enjoyment, and bidding a tearful adieu to kind Mrs. Morris, who had for months been our good angel, we

removed here. Henry had not seen this place until he was brought here, and it seemed as if its comfortless, desolate appearance struck a blight to his heart.

"'This is a sad contrast, Emily,' he exclaimed, 'to your youthful home, and to the home you had a right to expect with me. But it will do for me the little while I have to live, and I shall never leave it till I am borne away to my last earthly dwelling.'

"I would have combated this mournful presentiment, but when I tried to speak, the words died away upon my lips, for there was an expression in his eye which carried a fearful conviction of its truth to my heart. Yet I endeavored to cheer his sinking spirits, although the load upon my own, well nigh weighed me to the earth. What was to become of us when the prop which had so long supported us was removed, I dared not trust myself to think. Already I saw myself a helpless, houseless widow, surrounded by hungry little ones, who in vain looked to me for a mouthful of bread, and as I saw no way of relieving their wants, the world grew dark around me.

"But present evils were too pressing to permit an indulgence in anticipated ones. Our money was now almost gone, and I must seek some means of procuring more, or absolute beggary would soon be our fate. But what could I do? My husband, now almost helpless, required my constant attention; my children, feeble and sickly from unwholesome food and too much confinement, were a perpetual source of care and anxiety, while my own health — for I was soon again to become a mother — was extremely delicate. Notwithstanding all this, however, I contrived, after much difficulty, to procure a little sewing from a ready-made-linen store; but so little time could I spare for the prosecution of my work, and so miserable was the remuneration I received for it when it was finished, that I almost despaired. With my utmost exertions, I could scarcely earn six shillings a week, and what was that among so many? But I toiled on, determined to do all I could, and trust the rest to God. How often, while I have sat almost fainting over my midnight labor, did Henry groan in anguish at the destitution which compelled me to a toil for which I was so unequal;

and how bitterly did he lament the protracted absence of that friend of his mother, from whom he had anticipated so much assistance and sympathy.

"If Edward Temple were but here," he would exclaim, "I am sure that, for my mother's sake, he would pity and relieve us!"

"Edward Temple!" exclaimed the old gentleman, suddenly starting from his seat. "And who, for God's sake tell me, was your husband?"

"Henry Temple Seton," answered the poor woman, surprised and startled at the abruptness of the question.

"And was the maiden name of his mother Amelia Mansfield?" again demanded her questioner, as, his whole frame shaking with emotion, he convulsively grasped the back of his chair.

"It was," she again replied.

"And did Henry Seton die, and here?" he once more inquired, in a voice so choked and husky, as to be scarcely intelligible.

"He did," was again the short and mournful reply.

"And can it be," said the old gentleman, sinking back into his chair, while the tears rolled unrestrainedly down his cheeks, "can it be that the only child of the wealthy, the idolized Amelia, was brought to this? Can it be that while I was wandering through Europe, almost without an object, recklessly spending my thousands, that the son of her whom I would have guarded as the apple of my eye, was dying of want and misery in a home like this? Oh, why was I not here to save him!"

"You are then Edward Temple? Thank God!" exclaimed the poor woman, starting from her seat, and abruptly approaching him; but a bitter recollection seemed at the same moment to cross her mind, for a sudden paleness overspread her countenance, and as she turned away, there was a hopeless despair in the words which fell in hoarse and unnatural tones from her lips. "It is too late! it is too late! Oh, my husband, my dear Henry, you are gone, and what avails it now! What avails it that the friend so long wished for has at last arrived, when the clods of the valley are lying heavily on your bosom!" and, throwing her arms over the table

by which she had been seated, she bowed her head upon them, and her groans and convulsive sobs shook her whole frame.

Mr. Temple, for it was indeed he, approached the weeping woman, and laying his hand kindly on her shoulder, "Do not weep so bitterly," said he; "it is indeed too late for him who is gone, and who was so dear to you, but it is not too late for yourself, and your young orphans. Look up, my dear Mrs. Seton, and be comforted. You shall see better days."

Soothed by the kindness of the benevolent old man, Mrs. Seton gradually resumed her calmness.

"Oh, if he could but have lived to see this hour," she exclaimed, "how would his heart have blessed you, and how happy should I have been! But God willed it otherwise, and I will try to be resigned."

"Ah, we cannot have everything to suit ourselves," answered Mr. Temple, with a sigh; "I believe it would have made my old heart too blessed to have become a father to the child of my Amelia; I call her mine, for we were brought up together, and well and truly did we

love each other. And though at last she chose another for her husband, instead of me, yet I could never find it in my heart to love her the less dearly. Ah, it was a sad disappointment, and I have never allowed myself to love another human being since. But that time is past, and these little ones who would have been so tenderly cherished by her, shall be dearly and fondly cherished by me also. Come, here my children," he continued, "and let me see if I can trace her well-remembered likeness in any of your young faces!"

He held out his hand toward them, and the two children who had sat mute and tearful spectators of the passing scene, timidly approached. He gently laid his hands upon their heads, and as he gazed long and silently upon them, many a youthful and long-buried memory came back upon his heart, while unheeded tears trickled slowly down his furrowed cheeks. "Yes," said he at length, tenderly stroking the bright head of the eldest, "Yes, here are the same soft ringlets, and the same mild and pensive blue eyes that so went to my heart when I was but a boy. Ah, I have often seen them in

my dreams, but never until now since I last beheld Amelia, have such eyes looked upon me in my waking hours. I could almost fancy myself a boy again, and this sweet child my early playmate. What is her name? I hope it is Amelia; I could not bear to call her by any other."

"Yes, it is Amelia," answered Mrs. Seton; "Henry always felt a melancholy pleasure in calling her by the name of a mother, whom he loved and mourned with more than filial tenderness. She was a rare specimen of a mother, and Henry never could forget her loss."

"He would not have deserved to be her son, if he could have forgotten her!" exclaimed Mr. Temple, warmly; and after a pause, he musingly added: "And so he honored her memory as he should do, did he? I wish the boy had lived till my old eyes had been blest with the sight of him! But there is no use in wishing back the dead! It is better to think how we may best discharge our duty toward the living. And now let us have no more saddening thoughts today: you shall finish your melancholy tale some other time, but at present let us think rather how we shall dispose of these dear little ones,

so that their father and my Amelia, may look down from heaven with a smile."

Mrs. Seton strove in vain to give utterance to the feelings that were swelling at her heart, and Mr. Temple, observing her inability to speak, exclaimed, "Leave it all to me, leave it all to me! I am an old man, and know better how to arrange these things than you do. But remember I can bear no contradictions in the matter; I am used to having everything my own way, and if you do not want the sin of breaking an old man's heart lying on your conscience, you will not oppose me. But to the point, I have a great, overgrown house in Broadway, furnished from basement to attic like a palace, and no one to look after it and see that it is taken proper care of. I am an old bachelor, and as I know nothing about these things, have to trust everything to my housekeeper. I have wished a thousand times that I had a daughter to look after the poor, lonely old man, and cheer his solitude, and govern his servants, but Heaven never ordained so great a blessing for me. Now, though you are not my daughter, you were the wife of Amelia's son,

and that makes me feel almost as if you were my own child. So, without any more circumlocution, you must come and live with me, and I shall soon learn to believe that you are my daughter. Your children will fill up a gap in my heart, that I thought would never be filled again, and I shall grow younger every time I look back at them. Do not hesitate, for my heart is set upon your compliance."

A thousand varying emotions were painted on the sweet expressive face of Mrs. Seton, as with a faltering voice she at last attempted to reply: "I feel all your great kindness, Mr. Temple; believe me, I feel it all. But how can I think of burdening you with myself, and these three little children? No, it will be sufficient to win the gratitude of my whole life if you adhere to your first kind proposal to furnish me with constant employment; I can then support myself and little ones in comfort, and ——"

"Support yourself!" interrupted Mr. Temple, while a bright glow overspread his sallow cheeks. "Can you suppose that I would think for a moment of allowing the widowed daughter and helpless grandchildren of Amelia Mans-

field, to live on in a state of toil and dependance, while I am as rich as an eastern nabob, and have more money than I know what to do with? And then to talk of burdening me! Why, have I not told you that I am a lonely old man, with nobody to care whether I live or die, only so far as their own interests are concerned? No, no, say no more against my plan, unless you would have me think you do it to heighten the favor you would confer upon me, by living in my house, and making an old man happier than he has been since he was a boy. Give me your consent, or I shall have to carry you away by force!"

Who could longer withstand such kind entreaties? Not the weeping and grateful Mrs. Seton; and no sooner was a consent wrung from her hesitating lips, than Mr. Temple started up in the utmost joy, and bidding Mrs. Seton pack up such things as she wished particularly to preserve, and to leave all the rest to some poor neighbor, hastened away to make preparations for the reception of his new-found daughter, and to bring a carriage.

"I do not intend to give you time to change your mind," said he, "so I shall be back in two hours; and perhaps this lady, whose pardon I beg for having so rudely suffered her to sit unnoticed all the morning, will, if she is not engaged, have the kindness to remain with you until my return."

As may be supposed, I was too much interested in the *denouèment* to think of hesitating, and so signifying my perfect willingness to remain, Mr. Temple departed.

The next two hours were busily spent. Mrs. Seton occupying herself with selecting a few articles that were dear to her as memorials of other days, or such as were at present quite indispensable to the decent appearance of herself and children; while the two eldest of the little ones, busied themselves with playing with the younger, or in skipping about the room, delighted at the prospect of riding in a carriage, and of going to live with the dear, kind old gentleman.

When Mrs. Seton had completed her arrangements, she sat down and penned a note to an excellent but very poor woman living in another

part of the house, but who was then absent drudging at her daily task of washing; after thanking her for the many kindnesses she had received at her hands, she begged her to accept of the few articles of furniture she had been able to save from the grasp of the pawnbroker, and the little clothing she left behind her. Then telling her she should soon hear from her, she bade her farewell. This note was hardly insinuated under the door of the poor washerwoman, when Mr. Temple returned with a hackney-coach.

"I did not bring my own carriage," said he, "lest my servants should snuff at the miserable dwelling which has so long been your abode."

The kind old man was all impatience until they were ready to start; then, putting a card into my hand, and saying, "You will call in a few days to see how my children like their new home, and give me an opportunity to thank you for your kindness to them?" we separated, Mrs. Seton and her happy family to exchange the miserable dwelling of poverty and sorrow, for the stately abode of wealth and luxury,

And I to plod my way home full of wonder at the strange events of the day.

I looked at the card, "Edward Temple, No. —— Broadway," — and recollected the dwelling, as being one of the most splendid in that noble street.

"The romance of real life is indeed stranger than that of fiction!" I unconsciously exclaimed, as I went dreamingly along, running against the grown persons, and stumbling over the children whom I encountered in my way: "who after this, would disbelieve in an overruling and protecting Providence?"

CHAPTER III.

"Who wants
A sequel may read on: the plain discourse
Which follows, may supply the place of one."

It was somewhat less than three weeks after the important and happy alteration in the circumstances of Mrs. Seton and her young orphans had taken place, that, judging a sufficient period had elapsed to allow the excitement and novelty of change to wear off, I thought I might venture to accept the invitation of Mr. Temple, and call on his adopted children.

As may be supposed, I felt some delicacy on the subject, and some uncertainty whether the wealthy and cherished Mrs. Seton would feel gratified at receiving a visit from one who had seen her in the lowest depths of poverty and wretchedness. It was possible she might shun a contact with everything and every person which would recall the memory of those days.

Nevertheless, "I will go," thought I; "I wish to see whether she is able to bear prosperity, and whether her present conduct and feelings belie the language so plainly expressed in her sweet and modest countenance!"

I soon reached the abode of Mr. Temple; and, sending in my card by the servant who answered the bell, was immediately ushered into a spacious and lofty drawing-room. It was furnished with all the elegance and splendor that taste and wealth could command. I was scarcely seated when Mr. Temple entered the room, leading the little Amelia by the hand, and introducing Mrs. Seton. I was warmly and cordially welcomed by both Mr. Temple and his daughter; and, our first friendly greetings over, I had leisure more particularly to observe Mrs. Seton. My first impression was that I should scarcely have known her, so much did she appear changed; for if I had admired her sweet countenance when I found her surrounded by want and misery, I was now absolutely startled at its extreme loveliness. A moment's survey, however, assured me that it still wore the same sweet and humble expression which had so interested me then,

but a calm and grateful happiness had now added its finishing charm; and, as I met the soft and melting beams of her large dark eyes, I never more sensibly felt the truth of the saying, that there is no beautifier of the human countenance like happiness.

"Well," said Mr. Temple, "I am glad you are come! I was almost afraid you were offended at my unceremonious leave-taking the other day. Emily, too, has been quite anxious on the subject; and had we known your address, we should have called on you long before this time. However, I comforted her and myself by the thought, that a lady who would take such an interest in a fellow-creature who was in distress, would not be likely to take exceptions at any seeming omissions in the first moments of happiness. But how do you like my daughter's looks?—for you know I have installed myself in all the titles and privileges of a father and grandfather.—Has she not improved wonderfully in health? And how do you like my sweet little Amelia's looks?" he continued, tenderly kissing the beautiful and happy-looking child, as she sat on his lap with her head fondly nes-

tled against his bosom, and her little hand occasionally raised to smooth his wrinkled cheek.

I was proceeding to express my delight at the evident improvement in their health and appearance, when Henry, the eldest boy, came galloping into the room, on "grandpapa's" gold-headed cane, and bounding up to the side of the old gentleman, put up his pouting lips for a kiss, which having received and returned with interest, he darted toward his mother, and crying, "And you too, ma!" gave her a rough but affectionate salute on both cheeks, and galloped off again as happy as a lord. As the eyes of the mother and Mr. Temple, followed the beautiful boy, it was difficult to determine which countenance expressed the most pride and pleasure.

I sat silently enjoying this domestic scene, and as Mr. Temple again turned toward me, his face beaming with happiness and benevolence, I could not forbear congratulating him also on his improved appearance.

"And why shouldn't I look well when I have everything to make me do so?" answered he, looking affectionately toward Mrs. Seton.

"Why, I am the happiest old man alive, and have grown younger every day since I have had somebody to live for and to care for me!"

Mrs. Seton seemed too happy for words, but the gratitude and affection which accompanied her answering look to Mr. Temple, and the single tear which started from either eye, and fell upon her lap, were an eloquent and gratifying reply.

"Emily promises me," continued Mr. Temple, "that she will not be inveigled away from me by any other friends, and it is astonishing how many there are, who, since she came to live with me, and it is known that I consider her as my daughter, have discovered that they always felt a great and friendly interest in her. And it is astonishing, too, what unaccountable difficulties prevented them all from visiting, or taking the least notice of her, during all her misfortunes and poverty. Now they are all anxious to assist her every way in their power. It all sounds very fine," continued the indignant old gentleman, reddening as he proceeded, "it all sounds very fine! But, thank God, she is beyond the reach of ever needing their assistance; and so I

have given them to understand. But I do not wish to get angry, and so we will dismiss all thought of such friends. But where is our dear little Charlie? You have not seen him yet."

Mrs. Seton arose to ring the bell, and a servant instantly appearing, "Ask Mrs. Morris," said Mr. Temple, "if she will have the kindness to bring little Charles into the drawing-room." The servant bowed and vanished, and, in a few minutes, an elderly gentlewoman, plainly but handsomely dressed, made her appearance, assisting the tottering steps of Mrs. Seton's youngest child, whom she led into the room.

"Allow me, madam," said Mr. Temple, "to have the pleasure of introducing you to Mrs. Morris, the old and tried friend of my Emily. We have succeeded in persuading her that we cannot get along without her assistance in managing the household and teaching the children. And so she has consented to come and spend her days with us, and she has promised to teach my little Amelia all she knows about work and housekeeping; for, though I shall leave them all an independent fortune when I die, God willing, before that

time comes my grandchildren shall all know how to earn their own living, so that if fortune should desert them, they need not suffer as their mother has done. I may appear odd in my opinions, but I consider it far more respectable for a young lady to be acquainted with every kind of work necessary in a family than to be ignorant of it. This is an old-fashioned doctrine, but Mrs. Seton agrees with me, and it will be the doctrine we shall act upon. It takes but a short time to learn all these things, and is no hindrance to the acquisition of every other accomplishment."

After admiring the little Charlie, and conversing a few minutes longer on ordinary topics I arose to terminate my visit. I was warmly urged to repeat it, and after promising to do so, and exacting a similar promise in return, a promise we have both frequently performed, I departed, well pleased with the interview.

My readers will be glad to hear that the benevolent shopkeeper was not forgotten, but that a sum sufficient to establish him in an extensive business, was furnished him by Mr. Temple, who seemed determined that no one

who had ever been kind to Mrs. Seton, should fail of meeting a reward.

Mr. Temple, as he himself asserted, seems actually to grow younger every day; the children under his judicious management, and that of their mother and Mrs. Morris, continue amiable, healthy, and happy. The good grandfather as well as the mother, adhere strictly to their first resolution of educating their children to be useful, instead of making them mere playthings, to be looked at and admired. Their notions on the subject of the education of girls particularly, are to-be-sure looked upon as extremely odd by many of their acquaintances.

"You are giving your daughter the education of a servant!" said a lady one day to Mrs. Seton, as she surprised her superintending the labors of her little girl who was busily employed in polishing the plated door-knobs, and dusting the rich furniture of the drawing-room: "you are giving your beautiful daughter the education of a mere servant. Why, I beg of you, do you not leave these menial employments to the proper persons?"

"I am giving her such an education as every

American female should receive; I am giving her such an education as would have saved me from many a sorrow, and perhaps my husband from the abject poverty to which he was finally reduced. I am not giving her the education of a mere servant, for I intend that her mind shall be stored with all that can make her an intellectual, and accomplished woman. But I intend, at the same time, that she shall be familiar with everything that will make her most useful as a wife, a mother, and the mistress of a family."

"But with her prospects of an immense fortune," replied the visiter, "these low employments will certainly never be necessary for her."

"Perhaps not," replied Mrs. Seton, "but is it certain that she may not by some means lose that immense fortune? My prospects were once as good as hers, and yet I became reduced to beggary. But, allowing that her wealth will never forsake her, as a mistress of a family, it will probably be necessary for her some day to direct others in their employments. But how can she direct others to do that of which she is entirely ignorant herself? Believe me, there is frequently a great deal of domestic misery

occasioned by the ignorance of the wife, in these matters which you call 'low employments.' It is strange what a prejudice there is in the community against teaching girls to work. It seems to be thought disgraceful for them to know how to do anything useful. Nobody thinks of bringing up boys in this manner; a man would be thought almost an idiot, who should suffer a family of sons to grow up to manhood, entirely unacquainted with any kind of business — the helpless, useless, inefficient puppets, which most girls of fashion are at the present day; and is it wise then to educate girls in this way? Is it just? Do you not suppose that brothers sometimes, when they return, weary and almost worn out, from the labors of the counting-house or the shop, think it rather hard, that while they always find their sisters doing nothing, they should be subjected to constant and daily toil? It would be a very natural reflection, and it would be very natural also, if a less kindly feeling, and less affection should exist between brothers and sisters on this very account."

"Perhaps it may be so," answered the lady,

"but then there is not the same necessity for girls to work, that there is for boys; boys are to become men, and men must know how to earn money to support their families."

"Very true!" replied Mrs. Seton, "and girls are to become women, and as women surely they ought to know how to save, or to spend to the best advantage, what their husbands or fathers thus earn: not by extravagance, waste, and idleness, so to discourage them, as to drive them to dissipation, and perhaps despair. No, the obligation is mutual. If it is the duty of husbands to labor for the support of their families, it is the equal duty of wives to render their labor as easy as possible, by taking care that what they earn is not idly squandered. This they cannot do unless they have learned to become good housewives, and to perform all the duties devolving upon the mistress of a family."

The visiter soon departed, to talk over with her friends the strange opinions of Mrs. Seton. She was too thoroughly indoctrinated in the fashionable mode of education, to derive much benefit from that lady's example and precepts;

but if there are any others, who may be induced, by the perusal of this humble tale, to reflect seriously on the present injudicious system of education among girls, and to resolve to adopt a wiser course, the object for which it was written is attained.

THE UNEQUAL MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh! how the heart —
Fond, trusting woman's heart — will yield itself
To an undoubting confidence; and dream,
Till dreaming seems reality, that all
It looks upon in fondness, hath its own
Enduring principle of sacred truth
And meek devotedness!"

WHITTIER.

THE last rays of the setting sun were streaming through a vine-mantled window, and sending a flood of soft and mellow light to the remotest nook of a large but somewhat antiquated apartment. It was apparently not the abode of wealth, for though the room was neat and elegant, its furniture was of a plain and far from costly character. Yet it boasted of long shelves of variously-bound books, and was tastefully

adorned with numerous pots of rare and beautiful plants, whose healthy and luxuriant appearance indicated that they had been nursed with care and skill.

On a sofa near the window, were seated two persons of different sexes, and evidently far from being of the same age. The one was a young man of almost boyish appearance, and possessing a style of countenance which would everywhere be called handsome, but which was still wanting in that open and manly expression, which indicates a noble and generous mind. This deficiency, however, would hardly be observed by the many, so rare and striking was the beautiful softness of his complexion, and so gracefully did the waving ringlets cluster around his fair oval face.

The lady was apparently many years his senior. She was pale, and rather inclined to thinness, and had it not been for a pair of large, soft, dark eyes, and a fine expansive forehead, she would have been decidedly homely. Yet there was an elegance in her whole contour, an indescribable grace in every movement, that could not fail to interest even a careless ob-

server. She was apparently engaged in botanizing an oleander blossom, for her eyes had been for some time very intently fixed upon one which she held in her hand, though the abstracted and almost melancholy expression of her countenance, as she carelessly plucked its delicate petals, and dropped them upon her white muslin dress, argued little in favor of her interest in the examination.

Thus musingly employed, she seemed quite unconscious that the eyes of the young man were attracted to her countenance far more frequently than to the beautiful scenery without, and which he pretended to be engaged in admiring. But so it was; and whenever his eyes rested upon her, they were lit up with an expression of ardent fondness and admiration which could not be misunderstood. At last, however, a seriousness seemed to steal over his face, and gently taking the hand of his companion, "Sarah," said he, in an apprehensive voice, "you are very silent; something is amiss with you!" She looked up to him without answering, but there was trouble and anxiety in her eye, and a more mournful shadow stole over her pale

and lofty brow, and she seemed evidently struggling with strong and conflicting emotions.

"Do not look so sadly upon me, my dear Sarah!" said the young man. "What is there so very alarming in the thought of becoming my wife? I am sure you do not love me!"

"You do me injustice, Henry," answered the lady, "you do, indeed! I have been weak and foolish enough to confess that I love you, and, knowing me as you do, why should you suppose that I say one thing and mean another? It is unkind and ungenerous!"

"Why then do you look so melancholy, and shrink back whenever I mention the subject of marriage, as if you felt an aversion to me?"

"I have already repeatedly told you why, Henry," answered Sarah, the tears starting to her eyes; "but listen patiently, and I will once more explain all I feel on the subject."

"Say on, dear Sarah, and I promise you I will endeavor to overturn every obstacle you can contrive to array against me. There, I am delighted to see that sweet smile once more, but I should have liked it better if it had not been accompanied by that mournful shake of the head!"

"Well, hear me, St. Leger, and I am sure you will be grateful to me that I have not acceded to your wishes. Look at me: have you ever thought how old I am? Why, St. Leger, I am an '*old maid!*'—I have seen nearly thirty-one years, and the most partial eyes could not fail to discover that I am homely—decidedly homely!"

"Homely, Sarah! how can you speak so! How could any call you homely with that proud and noble brow, and those magnificent eyes? And, in spite of your efforts to depreciate yourself in my opinion, you cannot deny that you know yourself to be far more polished and graceful than the most elegant woman of your acquaintance!"

"Nay, Henry, such language is all to no purpose! Hear me out! You are scarcely over twenty—you are handsome, and caressed by all—you are fond of gayety, and, I must speak out, fond of coquetting with the young and beautiful. Stand before this mirror with me, and observe, faint as the light now is, the wide, the glaring contrast between us. See the difference, impossible to be concealed, in our ages

—and all on the wrong side, too! Look at those fair round cheeks of yours, and then at my pale and faded ones, and tell me how long it would be, should you bind yourself to me, before you would weary of so unfit a companion? How long before you would blush with mortification as you presented me to your gay young friends as your wedded wife? And how long before you would feel in the very depths of your sick heart, that you had with far more propriety chosen me to be *your mother?* Take time to reflect on all these things, and you will feel as I do, that I can never, without meriting the charge of rashness and folly, be nearer to you than I am now!"

She paused, almost breathless, and turning away from the mirror, silently resumed her seat. St. Leger followed her, and, throwing himself on an ottoman at her feet, took her hand in his, and, looking up in her pale and agitated countenance, exclaimed, "I have heard you patiently, Sarah, and without prejudice to the end, and believe me, that I speak the language of my heart, when I say that I am more deeply con-

vinced than I ever have been, that you are precisely fitted to make me happy, and that without you life will be hardly worth preserving. I acknowledge the truth of much that you have said; I know that I am younger than you, and, it may be, handsomer, but who is there whose intellect will compare with that of Sarah Weston? Who thinks of mere personal charms, when the magic of your conversation draws admiring circles around you? Who remembers that you are not beautiful, when the rich gems of thought are flashing from your eye, or pouring in a tide of eloquence from your lips? No, Sarah; it is I who am not worthy to become your husband; but by basking in your sunshine, I shall become more like you. I will show you and the world, that I care no longer for the follies of the idle and the gay, but will rather strive to reflect credit on your choice, by preferring the society of the wise and intellectual. And if I ever feel proud, it will be when you are hanging on my arm, and I can, in the face of the world, call you my own. Oh, Sarah, give all your idle fears to the winds, and tell me that you have at length decided to reward all

my long-tried and ardent affection by becoming mine!"

The lady turned her face away without answering, but the watchful eye of St. Leger saw that a strong and uncontrollable emotion was painted on her features, and felt that her hand trembled in his.

Sarah Weston was a woman possessed of a powerful and vigorous intellect, carefully improved by cultivation, and strong and correct judgment. But she was *a woman* still. She had long been secretly attached to Henry St. Leger, but had, until within a very few days, so effectually succeeded in hiding it, that even her lover had supposed her cold and indifferent to him. But now when she heard his design of resigning everything else rather than her — when his fond and impassioned pleadings entered into her heart, what wonder that she felt her resolution grow weak and falter before them? Henry was not slow to perceive his advantage, and well did he improve it, for before he left her that evening, he had won from her a promise that, ere three months had gone by, she would become his wife.

Time wore on. The period which was to crown the long-cherished hopes of Henry St. Leger, at length arrived, and he received at the altar the being whom he fondly believed was to constitute the brightest gem in the circlet of his earthly happiness. And Sarah, although she sometimes trembled when she remembered the disparity of their ages and of their natural tastes, gave herself up to the happiness she felt in being the chosen and cherished bride of one so universally courted and admired as her husband.

They had been married nearly four years, and Mrs. St. Leger, happy in her lot, began to feel that all her former fears in regard to their union were indeed groundless. Her husband, so far from ceasing to love and admire her, seemed rather to increase in his affectionate attentions toward her. He felt an evident pride, when he introduced her into society and witnessed the respect and admiration with which she was everywhere received. There was, however, one cloud on the bright mirror of their happiness, one difficulty which marred in some degree the perfection of their connubial felicity,

and operated as a secret canker in the heart of St. Leger. He was passionately fond of children, and the idea of becoming the father of a little circle of prattlers, had made up no small portion of his day-dreams of domestic bliss. And this anxiety was the greater, as he possessed a large and independent fortune, and no immediate heir to whom, in the event of his death, he could bequeath it. The darling hope of supplying this deficiency he long cherished, but as he gradually felt himself obliged to relinquish all expectations on the subject, he turned to other sources, to find some object by which to fill up that place in his heart thus left vacant. He went more into society than he had done since his marriage, and soon began to feel his old fondness for gay amusements, and frivolous companions revive. His wife, though secretly regretting it, offered no objections to this, and generally accompanied him without expressing the least hesitation.

They one evening attended a fashionable *soiree* at the house of a friend, and being accidentally detained at home, until an hour somewhat late, they were the last who entered the

drawing-rooms. Mrs. St. Leger, was soon agreeably engaged in a conversation with her hostess and two or three intimate friends, and it did not for some time occur to her to look around and see whether her husband was as pleasantly occupied as herself. She, however, soon observed him seated on the opposite side of the room, deeply engaged in an animated conversation with a lady whom she had never before seen, but by far the most beautiful one in the room. As she sat silently observing them, she felt that she had never beheld so lovely a countenance as the one then blushing beneath the admiring gaze of her husband. The lady's manner, was exceedingly graceful, and elegant, and her whole deportment marked by a peculiar and indescribable fascination. Mrs. St. Leger could not repress a sigh as she sat regarding the animated pair, for she thought she had never seen a couple who more fully realized her ideal of youthful grace and beauty. And that sigh was repeated more than once, as the evening passed away, and her husband, totally unlike his usual custom, had not once approached her, nor for a single moment left

the side of the beautiful stranger. How much more bitter would that sigh have been, had she been aware that the lady, who had observed her entrance with her husband, and had heard them announced as Mr. and Mrs. St. Leger, had said to him in the course of their long conversation, "The lady whom I saw enter with you, and whom I heard introduced as Mrs. St. Leger, is, I presume, your mother."

For the first time since his marriage, the cheek of the vain husband was suffused with a blush of shame, as he acknowledged Sarah St. Leger to be his wife. For the first time a feeling of regret and mortification at the inequality of his union crossed his bosom, and a sensation of anger toward his innocent wife, arose in his heart.—Mrs. Lancaster, for that was the name of the stranger, perceived the painful effect her question had produced, and adroitly turned the conversation to another subject.

When they reached home, St. Leger was eloquent in his expressions of admiration of the fascinating Mrs. Lancaster. He had learned that she was a widow, that her husband had been dead more than a year, and that she had re-

moved to their neighborhood, with the intention of making it her permanent residence.

It was not difficult for St. Leger to persuade his wife that it was their duty to visit their new neighbor, and they accordingly paid their respects to her, at her own residence, the next day. But if she was fascinating when abroad, how much more so was she, when freed from the restraints of a mixed company and in her own dwelling. She seemed gratified and pleased to receive her guests, and anxious to cultivate their acquaintance, promising to return their visit at an early opportunity. Mrs. St. Leger returned home dazzled and almost overpowered with her charms, but with a heaviness of heart which she could scarcely conceal, while Henry completely intoxicated at her flattering attentions to himself, could think and speak of no one else.

From that day the sensitive wife felt that her husband was changed toward her, and that his heart was no longer hers. When in society, he appeared kind as ever, and failed not to pay her the same marked respect, which he had always done. But it was far different from

those spontaneous acts of affection which it had hitherto been his happiness to manifest toward her, and seemed yielded rather from duty than choice. Her society appeared no longer to possess a charm for the gay young husband, though never had she exerted herself so much to entertain him, and render his home a happy one. Day after day he absented himself more and more from his own fireside, to linger, charmed and enthralled, by that of the fascinating Eugenia Lancaster. And so successfully had the siren wove her blandishments around him, that he felt restless and uneasy when not basking in the sunshine of her smiles.

Often and often did the unhappy but affectionate wife, sit by her solitary hearth, counting the weary and slow-moving hours, until the clock told her that it was midnight, and then retire to her couch before her thoughtless husband returned, lest her pale cheek and heavy eye, should seem to him to express even a tacit reproach.

Thus time wore on, and before six months had gone by, the unhappy Mrs. St. Leger could no longer shut her eyes to the fact, which had

long been but too visible to others, that she was an unloved and neglected wife! But never by one voluntary word or look did she reveal to the husband, who at the altar had promised to love and cherish her, but who had so illy adhered to that promise, that his unkindness and neglect were breaking her heart. It was impossible that he should fail to perceive that she was fearfully changed in her appearance, but, so far from assigning it to the true cause, he even sometimes remarked to her that she "really began to look like *an old woman!*" Then going to the mirror, and arranging his soft, dark ringlets, and smoothing his beautifully arched eyebrows, he would carelessly take his hat, and, bidding her a light good-morning, leave her to feel, in the bitterness of her heart, how true had been her forebodings in relation to the ill-assorted union to which she had yielded so hesitating and reluctant a consent. Perhaps the question, "Why did you marry me?" might sometimes tremble on her lips, but if so it never found utterance, for the resolution to bear and forbear was ever present with her.

As might naturally be expected, to so sensi-

tive and frail a being, this painful situation was productive of the most alarming results. Her health, always delicate, gradually sunk under the weight of secret and unavailing regrets, and as she saw that its visible decline appeared to awaken no painful emotions in the heart of her estranged husband, she rather rejoiced than lamented that the end of her earthly pilgrimage was not far distant. And why should she wish to remain? Life had lost its one great charm, and she felt, felt too keenly, that she was no longer necessary to the happiness of any human being; that she stood between her husband and a brighter lot, and a sad conviction that the grave was now her most fitting home, sunk mournfully into her heart.

It may be asked, "Was Eugenia Lancaster aware of the misery her too great intimacy with Henry St. Leger occasioned his neglected, and almost deserted wife?" Justice to her requires me to answer, she was not to the full extent. With an unprincipled selfishness, and a wanton disregard of truth, which had always somewhat characterized St. Leger, and which his present unhallowed course had tended more fully to de-

velop, he had persuaded her that his wife was a cold and unloving being, utterly devoid of the more delicate sensibilities of our nature, and that, with so much indifference did she regard him, she was quite incurious to know where or how he spent his time when away from her, provided she could enjoy the comforts and luxuries of her home, unmolested and undisturbed. Partially misled by these misrepresentations, Eugenia endeavored to persuade herself that there was "no real harm in trying to smooth the rough and disagreeable path of a young and fashionable man, who had been overreached and cajoled into the folly of marrying an old woman. At any rate it was no more than Mrs. St. Leger ought to expect, and indeed it was a proper punishment for her vanity and self-conceit, in supposing herself a fitting match for her handsome, gay, young husband." Thus reasoning, she hesitated not to receive the long and daily visits of St. Leger, displaying all her various accomplishments, and employing her every art to fascinate and beguile him, until she had at last wound herself so completely around his heart, that his days were spent almost exclusively

with her, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he could tear himself from her presence, to perform the most necessary duties of life.

CHAPTER II.

"Loud howled the autumn wind: night wore away
Too slow, and thousands watched and wished for day;
And there was one poor, lone, deserted thing,
Who sat and shuddered as the wild gale's wing
Rushed by all mournfully. All round her slept,
As the pale mourner gazed, and sighed, and wept;
Why sits such anguish on her faded brow?
Why droops her eye? Ah, Floris, where art thou?
Flown are thy hours of dear, domestic bliss—
The fond embrace—the husband's tender kiss;
Blest, tranquil hours to love and virtue given,
Delicious joys that made thy love a heaven!
Flown—and for ever!"

Death's Doings.

We will now step forward one year, and my readers will accompany me to the close and darkened chamber, where, on the couch of disease and suffering, was stretched the enfeebled and attenuated form of one of the principal personages of my simple tale. It was Mrs. St. Leger. Six months had effected a fearful change in her

form and features; for sickness and sorrow had alike faithfully wrought their work, and she indeed appeared now, what her husband had long since called her — "an old woman."

Too miserable to wish even to struggle against the encroachments of a disease she but too well knew was fastening upon her, and uncheered by a single expression from her husband, indicating a desire that she should seek medical advice and endeavor to regain her fast-failing health, she had refrained from applying to a physician until no longer able to leave her chamber. Somewhat roused from his culpable indifference, and stung with a sense of his cruel neglect, St. Leger then for the first time appeared to evince some interest in the fate of his unhappy wife. He summoned the most skilful physicians to be found in the neighborhood, and so far restrained himself within the bounds of decency as to remain at home with her the larger portion of every day. But it was for a few weeks only. The time spent by the bedside of the poor invalid was gradually shortened until a few irksome minutes each day was all

that were afforded her, while his hours were trifled away with Eugenia.

It may appear strange that there was no one to interfere in behalf of the injured wife, and remonstrate with St. Leger on his unprincipled course, but he was of a wealthy and aristocratic family, and most of the inhabitants of the village, being either directly or indirectly more or less dependant upon him, policy, as is too often the case, sealed their lips. Wealth, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, and St. Leger had, beside this, another mantle which covered his. Conscious that his conduct must be regarded with suspicion and indignation by his neighbors, as he grew more bold in his devotion to Mrs. Lancaster, he had assumed religion as a cloak for his iniquities, and the more shameless and open he became in his neglect of his suffering wife, the more pious he appeared in the sanctuary of the Lord.

Meanwhile, worn out with pain and regret, and shattered by violent and frequent paroxysms of palpitation of the heart, which were daily becoming more alarming both in frequency and violence, Mrs. St. Leger seemed on the verge of

that resting-place of all her earthly hopes and wishes — the grave.

At the time we now behold her, a few sticks of wood were burning on the hearth, for it was November, and a young female attendant was gliding noiselessly and anxiously about the room. It was some time since the invalid had spoken, and she appeared to be sleeping. At length, "Marion," said a soft but feeble voice, and Marion was instantly by the bed-side. "Has Mr. St. Leger returned yet?" — "He has not," answered the girl, the tears starting to her eyes, "he has not, although Dr. Hayward particularly requested him this morning to leave you as little as possible, as he apprehended a crisis in your disease was approaching. And indeed, ma'am," she continued in a somewhat angry tone, "I do not think he would have gone, if that odious Mrs. Lancaster had not sent one of her messengers requesting to see him immediately on particular business. I wonder what particular business she has with him so often?"

A deep sigh was, for a few moments, Mrs. St. Leger's only reply, when, turning to her maid, "Marion," said she, "I have often told you how

much it displeased me to hear any term of disrespect applied to Mrs. Lancaster, and if you love me and would not give me pain, you will try to observe my wishes."

"And indeed, ma'am, I do try!" answered the affectionate girl: "I try to obey you in everything. But somehow when I think how that woman has enticed your true and lawful husband away from you, them bad words will slip out almost unknownst to me. And I am sure, ma'am, there is nobody but an angel like yourself but what would be glad to hear a body speak their mind of her, and wish her punished into the bargain."

"But you know, Marion," answered Mrs. St, Leger, "that we are commanded in the Bible to do good to those who do evil to us, and to leave the work of punishment to the Lord. Now, if Mrs. Lancaster has been guilty of errors, and I do not deny that I think she has, God who seeth all things, and who suffers not the wicked to go unpunished, will inflict upon her all that she deserves; and it is not for us, frail and imperfect as we are, to judge how much, or of what nature that punishment should be. But I

feel too weak to talk any longer; so, Marion, if you will give me my drops now, I will try to get a little sleep, for I think it must be ten o'clock."

Marion was carefully preparing the quieting mixture which Mrs. St. Leger was obliged to take, in order to allay the violent palpitations under which she suffered, when the door of her apartment opened and St. Leger softly entered. He advanced to the bedside of his wife, and greeted her with an unusual appearance of interest, then seating himself by her pillow, inquired in so affectionate a manner in regard to her health, that Marion was completely overcome with astonishment and pleasure.

Mrs. St. Leger exerted herself to appear as cheerful as possible, and when nearly an hour had gone by, and her husband was still by her side, there was something in the unusual circumstance that so reminded her of happier days, that the heart of the neglected wife throbbed with a buoyancy and pleasure that were all unwonted, and, looking up into his face, she was just about to express her grateful appreciation of his kindness, when putting his hand into

his pocket, he drew forth a small roll of parchment and slowly opening it, "My dear," said he, carelessly, "I have a slight favor to ask of you, which I hope you will be disposed to grant, as it will occasion you but a moment's trouble."

"Anything in my power, Henry, shall be cheerfully granted!" answered the grateful wife, "but what is it? It is long since you have requested a favor of me!"

"I have been unwilling to trouble you," said St. Leger; "and now I merely wish your signature to this little document. Here are pen and ink all ready, and I will raise you up so that you can do it without fatigue."

"But what is the document?" she inquired, somewhat startled; "I surely may be permitted to read it, before signing it."

"The exertion would be too much for you," answered St. Leger, in a hurried and embarrassed tone. "It is merely a little business matter, and I cannot think of your fatiguing yourself so unnecessarily."

"But you can easily tell me its contents," said the now alarmed wife; "I cannot sign it without knowing what it is."

"Pshaw! How can you be so tiresomely fastidious, and particular!" he exclaimed, endeavoring to evade her demand; "have I not told you that it is merely a little business matter?"

"You have, but I must know its nature," was her firm reply.

St. Leger paused, while painful indecision, and the most violent agitation, were manifested in his countenance and manner. At length, roughly seizing her wrist, "Sarah," said he, sternly, almost fiercely, "Will you sign this parchment?"

"When you have told me its contents, I will answer you," said she again firmly, but with a countenance as pale as death.

"Well, then," said he, suddenly dropping her hand, and assuming a bravado air, "it is a Bill of Divorce, and you shall sign it!"

The unhappy wife for a moment covered her face with her pale, transparent hands, and then suddenly removing them, and turning an imploring glance upon her unfeeling husband, answered with a quick, gasping breath, "Henry, I cannot do it!"

Again, the husband paused, and then assuming a supplicating voice and manner, "Sarah," said he, "how often have you assured me that you loved me, and that my happiness was dearer to you than your own. But now you refuse me the only proof that I desire of your sincerity, and the only favor that can contribute to my happiness. Sarah, if your love is not all pretence, convince me of the fact by signing this Bill of Divorce. It is the only way by which you can render me happy. Sign it," he continued, relapsing into his former sternness, "for I must and will marry Eugenia Lancaster!"

At these cruel words the miserable wife pressed her hands tightly upon her heart, and gasping forth a request that he would give her until morning to reflect upon the subject, she motioned her husband to leave her, and turned her face to the wall. St. Leger left the room without a word, and the angry and weeping Marion instantly locked the door against all farther intrusion. Then approaching her mistress, tenderly and respectfully inquired what she could do for her.

"Nothing, Marion!" answered the miserable

woman in a hoarse and unnatural voice; "Nothing! Leave me to my God, and my own heart!"

The affectionate and terrified girl, instantly retreated toward the fire, and falling on her knees, and burying her face in the cushion of an invalid chair, sobbed like a grieved and heart-broken child. But the voice of distress, never unheeded by her kind-hearted mistress, reached her ear, even amid the bitterness of her own agony. "Marion," said she, soothingly and tenderly, "my kind, faithful Marion, come to me!"

The grateful girl sprang forward, and, in a voice choked with tears, sobbed out, "Oh, my dear, kind mistress, it makes me so miserable to think I cannot help you now in your distress!"

"I know you would do anything for me, dear Marion, that lies in your power. I know all the kindness of your heart, and your sympathy and affection have been almost my only comfort for many a long, sad month. But compose yourself, and lie down and sleep; you need it, and you may have a trying day to-morrow. Do not be afraid to leave me, for I am more easy now."

Comforted by the kind words of her mistress, Marion, after carefully smoothing her pillow, obeyed, and worn out with long-watchings and fatigue, was soon fast asleep. But through all the long and dreary watches of that night, sleep visited not the pillow of the suffering invalid. The selfish and cruel demand of her husband, with all his late unkindness and desertion, rose up in vivid and fearful colors before her. Yet the thought of voluntarily divorcing herself from him, shamefully as he had neglected and insulted her, was more than she could bear. Hour after hour she revolved and re-revolved the subject in her mind, but could arrive at no conclusion. Had she consulted no one but herself, decision would have been comparatively easy, even though that decision might have left a stigma on her own name. But she knew that if she consented, and set him at liberty, immediate marriage with Eugenia would be the consequence, and his name would be covered with infamy and disgrace.

On the other hand she felt that she was on the verge of the grave, that a few short weeks, perhaps days, would put a period to her suffer-

ings, and bestow upon her infatuated husband that liberty for which he so eagerly and madly panted. He would then unite himself to that fascinating being, for whom alone he now seemed to live, and all would be well. This then she determined should be her decision. But notwithstanding her consciousness that this decision was right, she shrunk from its immediate consequences to herself. The thought would rise up that she, the being whom her faithless husband had almost compelled to marry him — the wife who had been affectionately cherished in his bosom, until banished thence by the alluring and voluptuous charms of another — that she must with her own hand either sever the only link which bound her to existence, or know that her death was the event most earnestly desired by him, who amid all his selfish vanity and neglect, was still dearer to her than all the world beside. It was a drop too much, in her cup of misery. All her long-suppressed feelings at length gave way. Despair seemed to take hold of her — she groaned and wrung her hands, and, in the excess of her anguish,

she inwardly prayed that she might die before the morning light.

Marion, awakened by the heavy groans of her suffering mistress, stood bending over her, utterly unable to offer her the least consolation. Calmness was, however, at length, gradually restored, and, as the morning dawned, she sunk into a restless and disturbed slumber. After about an hour she awoke, and sought to prepare herself for the dreaded visit of her husband, and the scene of violence and anger which she expected, with but too much reason, to encounter; for, let what would betide her, she was firmly resolved to refuse every solicitation of St. Leger, and to die as she had lived — his wife. But, notwithstanding all her efforts to summon fortitude and self-possession, as the trying hour drew nigh, her agitation increased to a degree which filled the watchful Marion with alarm and foreboding.

"Be composed, I entreat you, my dear Mrs. St. Leger," said she, "this agitation will destroy you."

"Oh, Marion," said the poor sufferer, pressing her hand upon her heart, and looking up in

the anxious face of her attendant with such a piteous look as went to the soul of the faithful girl, "Oh, Marion, I have such a pain here; but press your hand upon it, and I shall be better."

Marion did as she was desired, but she had scarcely done so, when all her fears were at once realized. Mrs. St. Leger was seized with an attack of palpitation, more violent and of longer duration than she had ever before experienced. She gasped and struggled for breath, a ghastly paleness settled around her mouth, and the terrified girl was on the point of alarming the household, but a sign from her mistress restrained her, and held her still by her side.

The violence of the paroxysm at length abated, but it was succeeded by a state of exhaustion from which it seemed impossible that the patient could ever recover. Marion watched every breath of the poor sufferer, and with all the solicitude of the most tender mother over an idolized child, judiciously administered those little remedies which had been recommended by the physician for similar attacks. Under the influence of so much care, Mrs. St. Leger gradu-

ally revived, and though still alarmingly feeble and languid, was soon able to give utterance to her thoughts and wishes.

The dreaded hour at length arrived, and, true to the appointed time, St. Leger entered the chamber of the invalid. He advanced with a firm and resolute step to the bed of his wife, but when he looked into her altered face, and her dark, sorrowful eyes were turned full upon him, there was in them an expression of such deep, but patient suffering, that it touched the heart even of the selfish husband, and he, for a moment, faltered in his unfeeling purpose. But it was the hesitation of a moment only. Resolutely banishing every feeling which could war with his determination, and assuming a tone of hypocritical softness; "Sarah, my dear," said he, taking her reluctant hand, "I have come, according to your appointment, to inquire in what manner you have decided in relation to the little matter I suggested to you last evening. I trust, I shall find your decision a favorable one."

"No, Henry," answered the wife, in a subdued but calm voice, "no, Henry, it is not favorable. I have carefully examined the sub-

ject in every point of light, and the result of that examination has been, that it is my duty to refuse your request. Death will ere long effect that divorce for which you are so anxious, and it shall never be done by my hand. Spare me, then, I entreat you, all farther solicitation on the subject, and leave me to die in peace!"

Pale with suppressed rage, the baffled husband paced the room for several minutes in profound silence, then again advancing toward his wife he fiercely exclaimed: "Madam, I believe this talk about dying is all pretence. I have no idea but what you will live for years yet. An old woman who has had the art to entrap a young husband, is not likely to do him so great a favor, as to die very soon. This pretence shall not avail you, and I again tell you that your signature to this bill I must and will have. For the last time, I ask, will you consent?"

Terrified by his violent and menacing air, and almost bereft of her senses, the wretched wife faintly shrieked, and like a frightened child buried her head in the bed-clothes. But a rude hand uncovered her face, and a strong grasp was

on her arm, and eyes, whose terrible expression sent the life-blood curdling to her heart, were glaring upon her. "Henry, I will!" she shrieked forth, rather than spoke, while her whole frame seemed as if shaking with the last agony. Without a single word, St. Leger placed the parchment before her, then raising her up, and putting a pen in her pale, thin fingers, significantly pointed to the place, where her signature was to be affixed. The wife leaned forward, and twice she attempted to inscribe her name, but twice the trembling hand refused its office. The white fingers relaxed their hold, and the pen was just falling upon the parchment, when the unpitying husband passed his arm around her waist to assist her failing efforts, and placing the pen once more in her powerless hand, he firmly guided it, and the name was written. His great wish was now accomplished, and, with a glow of triumphant pleasure, he was just raising his head to thank his abused wife for her compliance, when he started as if struck by a thunderbolt. A convulsion passed over the face of his victim, a momentary shudder shook her frame, her

head fell heavily back upon its pillow, and eyes from which the life had for ever departed were strangely fixed upon him, and seemed to be penetrating his very soul. *Death had signed the divorce.*

Horrorstruck at the frightful and unexpected consequences of his baseness and cruelty, and stung with a late and unavailing remorse, St. Leger crushed the fatal parchment in his hands, and rushed from the room.

CHAPTER III.

"Once more I saw her, and she lay
Beyond life's dim, uncertain river,
A glorious mould of fading clay,
From whence the spark had fled for ever.
I gazed — my breast was like to burst —
And, as I thought of years departed,
The years wherein I saw her first,
When she, a girl, was lightsome-hearted;
I felt the chill — I turned aside —
Bleak desolation's cloud came o'er me —
And being seemed a troubled tide,
Whose wrecks in darkness swam before me."

Mrs. St. Leger was borne to her last resting-place with all the pomp and circumstance usually displayed on such occasions in the haughty and aristocratic family of the St. Legers. The bereaved husband, as he was by many falsely called, followed with all due solemnity, as chief

mourner, and the ill-fated wife was consigned to that silent home, " where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest."

But let it not be supposed, because unwept by him who had solemnly vowed to love and cherish her, and who should have sedulously guarded her from every ill, that there were none to grieve for her. One so good and gentle as Mrs. St. Leger, could not but have friends, and there were many who, awed by her husband, had kept aloof from the neglected wife, during her last illness, now lamented that they had done so, and wept that she was no more. And there was many an humble but grateful being, whose necessities her ever-active benevolence had relieved, who felt that with her they had lost their best and kindest friend, and who mourned for her with a sincerity which showed how truly they loved her.

The grief of Marion knew no bounds. For many years she had been the friend rather than the servant of her idolized mistress, and she felt when she was gone, that she had little left to live for. But time, the softener of every sorrow, at length alleviated hers. St. Leger wished

still to retain her in his service, but she shrunk from the thought of remaining with one whom she, with but too much truth, regarded as the cause of her mistress' death. "I cannot stay with you, now my dear mistress is no more," said she; "I should be constantly reminded of her, and I could not be happy. Besides, there will, most likely, soon be new lords here, and 'new lords make new laws,' and I am too much used to the gentle ways of my mistress, to learn to love the proud and overbearing ones of another. No, I must go! I am sure I should only be in your way, and that of the new lady you will soon have! I can earn my bread elsewhere!"

St. Leger was at first very much irritated at the refusal of Marion, and her plain and honest statement of the reasons which induced it, but a few moments' reflection more than reconciled him. He felt that he could not always bear her eye, and that he would rather never meet it again. He made no farther objections to her departure, and we may regard it as a singular act of respect to the memory of his injured wife, that he settled on the faithful girl an annuity,

which placed her, for the remainder of her life, beyond the necessity of toiling for a subsistence.

CHAPTER IV.

"Ye 've waled aut anithei
Your bride for to be;
But can her heart luve sae
As hers luvit thee?
She has wit, she has beauty,
And monie braw ways;
But they a' winna buy back
The peace o' past days!"

THREE months from the date of that cruel and villanous act which consigned his much-injured wife to an untimely grave, St. Leger became the husband of Eugenia Lancaster. For sometime after his marriage, his guilty and long-indulged hopes were realized, and, in the joy of calling so beautiful a creature his, he endeavored to forget the guilty steps which had hastened the untimely and unmerited fate of the mild and gentle being who had preceded her. But it is easier to commit sin than it is to wash away

the remembrance of it; and the pillow of St. Leger was long haunted by that last fixed and fearful gaze of his wife, which had struck such terror to his heart. Often, too, when yielding himself to the intoxicating blandishments of Eugenia, would that signature, which had been traced by the fingers of the dying, rise up before him, and turn his cup of joy to bitterness.

But fearful as were these haunting memories of the past, they were not the only punishment of St. Leger. He soon had other causes to mar the happiness of his wedded life, for ere six months had elapsed, he awoke to the mortifying conviction that the haughty and unprincipled beauty whom he had taken to his bosom, had gradually assumed over him a dominion which rendered him little better than a slave. She tyrannized over him with an authority that was absolute and untiring—pried, with a jealous curiosity, into his minutest actions, and if he ventured upon the slightest remonstrance, he was soon silenced by an assurance from her, that she intended to take good care that he did not leave her for another, as he had left his former wife! All these mortifications St. Leger en-

dured without a murmur, particularly when, in due time, his wife crowned the grand wish of his heart, by presenting him with a son. It was a robust and beautiful child, and regarded by St. Leger with a fondness little short of idolatry. Hour after hour would he gaze upon the growing charms of the noble boy, and as he looked forward to the period when that child would become his companion, he felt that now there was indeed happiness in store for him.

CHAPTER V.

"When all the drossy feelings of the day,
Touched by the wand of truth, dissolve away
Unhallowed guilt shall in her bosom feel
A rack too fierce for language to reveal!"

MONTGOMERY.

YEARS went by, and the infant had become a man. But was he the man that his father in his fond day-dreams had anticipated? Let us see.

In his childhood, he had been indulged by his parents in every wish of his heart, however improper, and, profiting by the early example of those parents, as he advanced to riper age, he, in his turn, sought not to place any restraint upon his passions, but gave himself up to an indulgence in the most lawless and ruinous vices. Too late the parents became aware of the fatal error which had ruined their only child. In vain did they exert their tardy efforts to win him

back to virtue; he openly scoffed at every remonstrance, and, as the wretched father beheld his dissolute and headstrong son hurrying on to swift destruction, until he at last laid him in an untimely and dishonored grave, he bowed his head beneath the stroke, overwhelmed with a fearful conviction that he had never before experienced. The ways of Providence seemed suddenly opened to his eyes, and he felt, in the bitterness of his heart, that "the way of the transgressor is indeed hard."

He had now leisure to take a retrospect of his past life, and how did that retrospect appal his heart! As he looked back through the long vista of departed years, the sins of his earlier manhood were as in a mirror arrayed before him, while conscience, standing by, sternly heightened the effect of every hideous picture. She bade him look once more upon his gentle and unoffending wife, as she lay stretched upon the bed of disease, to which she had been brought by his neglect and cruelty. He saw again that beseeching look which she bent upon him, when, exhausted by his violence and her own agitation, she had implored him to leave her to die

in peace — and then, more fearfully than all, rose up that last dread scene, where, when he had inhumanly forced his dying wife to a compliance with his lawless wishes, death had interposed to snatch the victim from his clutches.

He gazed upon them all, and a new light seemed to break in upon his eyes. He felt that the slavish and unmanly life he had lived with Eugenia — that the disgraceful and worthless career of his idolized son, and his untimely and violent death—were all but so many stripes from the hand of the Almighty, chastising him for his former iniquities and transgressions.

Bowed down by a premature old age, haunted by an undying sorrow and regret, but humble and penitent, the broken-hearted St. Leger soon followed his son to the grave. His haughty and tyrannical wife still lives, but lives isolated and neglected, shunned by her former acquaintances, and more wretched than the meanest beggar who solicits charity at her door.

Should this imperfect sketch ever meet her eyes, she will at once recognise its features, and it may be that its perusal may inflict another

pang of regret and repentance upon a heart which was but too long hardened and unfeeling, or perhaps awake a feeling of repentance, associated with a new and higher life.

I have sedulously refrained from giving the names of the persons, or the scene of this imperfect tale. But, while I have been thus cautious, I have felt myself justified in relating the facts, deeming that they might, perhaps, furnish a lesson not entirely useless.

May all, when they peruse it, remember, that ends attained by wicked or unlawful means, seldom result in good to the possessor, but are often made instruments of the severest punishment. May they also remember, that crime always meets with its reward, and that, although the retribution may be long deferred, it never fails of reaching the transgressor at last.

THE LONELY BURIAL.

CHAPTER I.

"Death, when we meet the spectre in our walks,
As we did yesterday, and shall to-morrow,
Soon grows familiar — like most other things,
Seen, not observed: — but death, in foreign climes,
When he arrests the treasures of our home,
Bidding them sleep and never wake again,
Knocks at the heart." ROGERS.

It was April in New York, —— a soft, mild, delightful day: the trees, scattered here and there through the city, were beginning to put forth their leaves, as if in gratitude for the warm suns and genial showers of that charming month. The birds, confined in their wiry dwellings, were sending forth their cheerful strains from the open windows, and stretching their little throats in token of their joy at the return of sunny spring, while now and then a wild-

wood songster, who had tried its wings on an excursion to the wilderness of dwellings, added its merry tones to those of the less favored ones of its race, who were debarred the privilege of freedom. Everything looked gay and smiling as if joy pervaded the whole earth. Yet was there sorrow in the secresy of many a dwelling, for while life was springing up anew throughout the vegetable world, death had not forgotten his mission among the sons of men.

The sun had long since past its meridian, as we gathered around a new-made grave; the coffin was lowered into its cold and narrow receptacle, and its silent tenant at last reposed in the house appointed for all living.

It was a wife and a mother to whom we were rendering the last sad offices of respect and affection, and as the grating and creaking of the cords on the side of the coffin, as they carefully removed them, announced that the body was safely deposited; the low, stifled sobs of the bereaved husband, and the half-smothered wail of the motherless little ones, fell in heart-piercing tones on the ear. Tears were wrung from eyes that had been long unused to

weeping, and a strong and kindly sympathy was awakened even in the most careless heart; for all can feel how severe must be the stroke which severs a mother from a family of helpless children, and deprives an affectionate husband, of the wife of his bosom, and the partner of his paternal cares.

The first shovel-full of earth fell dull and heavily upon the coffin, when the minister, reverently uncovering his head, an example which was imitated by all present, slowly and emphatically pronounced a burial service. It was a deeply interesting scene, and as the expressive words, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," broke in deep and solemn intonations on the surrounding stillness, never shall I forget the new and untold feelings that sunk with them into my heart. After a few touching words of consolation had been presented to the mourners, a short and appropriate prayer was offered up to the Father of all spirits, and the grave was filled up.

The long train of relatives and friends now turned sadly away from the hallowed spot, and slowly left the grave-yard; some occupied in

speaking of the merits and amiable disposition of the young and lovely mother, whom they were never again to behold in this world; some in discussing business prospects, or the important events of the day, while others still — those to whom the departed was most near and dear — walked on in musing and tearful silence.

I stood by the side of the minister, and we were turning to follow them, when our attention was arrested by a little group standing in a corner of the grave-yard, not far distant. It consisted of an aged man and woman, who appeared bowed down either with sorrow or with years, a little boy apparently about four years of age, and another person who seemed to be an undertaker. The couple, with the little boy between them, each holding him by the hand, stood on one side of a little grave, which the undertaker was busily engaged in filling up. The task was soon completed, the turf nicely smoothed over the mound, and the undertaker carelessly departed. But the solitary pair still lingered, apparently unable to tear themselves from the spot. At last, however, the old man picked up two stones which

were lying near, and placing one at the head and the other at the foot of the little grave, as if to mark it, they, turning away with faltering steps, slowly walked toward the gate. As they drew near the spot where we yet remained standing, we embraced the opportunity to observe them more narrowly. They were humbly, though not meanly attired, and the fashion of their garments, though not differing in a remarkable degree from the fashions then in vogue in New York, still had a foreign cast, and it was evident that they were strangers, and in a strange land.

They seemed quite unconscious that any one beside themselves yet remained in the churchyard, so absorbed were they in their own grief, and we could therefore look at them without the fear of wounding their sensibility. As the woman turned to look at their little charge, I saw that tears were fast streaming down her time-worn cheeks, which, in her desolation, she sought not to wipe away; but not so with her companion, his eyes were dry and tearless, and there was a sternness and rigidity mingled with the deep sorrow stamped upon his features,

which seemed strange and unnatural in one so old. The little boy looked up with a wondering eye into the face of his protectors, seeming quite unable to comprehend the cause of their grief and silence, or his own situation.

As we silently regarded this little group, there was a forlornness in their appearance, thus entirely unfriended and alone, that went to our hearts; for never are the kindness and sympathy of friends so much needed as when we are laying our loved ones in their last narrow home. But to stand alone by the grave of perhaps our only friend, and, all uncheered by the sacred offices of the minister of God, to assist, with our own hands, in depositing that loved one in its last resting-place, and then to turn away in all the forlornness and desolation of utter friendlessness, seems a drop too much for human nature in its weakness to endure.

We would have followed and addressed the solitary mourners, who were now leaving the yard, but we feared to invade the sanctity of grief, even with words of consolation, lest it might be attributed to an idle and unmeaning curiosity. We, therefore, suffered them to pass

from our sight, as they had first met it—utter strangers.

Two or three months went by, but that lonely burial was not forgotten. Often when we were gazing after the long and imposing train of mourners, as they followed some proud and wealthy citizen to his long home, did the memory of that solitary and grief-stricken pair, standing alone and unfriended by the little grave, rise up in sickening contrast before us. Often had we tasked our imagination to present us some probable conjecture as to who and what those bereaved and friendless strangers might be; for there are few so utterly alone in the world as to have no one to sympathize with, and assist them in an hour like that. But it was in vain that we indulged in fancies which could give no clew to the fact, and only left us as unsatisfied as before.

CHAPTER II.

"Wanderer! bowed with griefs and years,
Wanderer with the cheek so pale,
Oh, give language to those tears!
Tell their melancholy tale!"

Wanderer of Switzerland.

It was the third day of September, when Mr. Grant — the clergyman who officiated at the burial-service with which my tale opens — was solicited to visit a sick person, residing in a narrow and secluded street, at some distance from his dwelling. She was a poor, childless widow, occupying a garret bed-room, in a miserable tenement, without relatives and without friends. Chance had led her a few times to the church over which Mr. Grant presided as pastor, and sick and destitute, she now begged his sympathy and relief. Ever ready to heed the call of the needy and distressed, he obeyed the summons of the poor widow, and after remaining some time

with her, and comforting her aged heart not only with kind words, but kind deeds also, he took leave of her and departed, leaving her the happier and more cheerful for his visit.

As he was passing down the narrow staircase, he heard a low, stifled sobbing, which proceeded from a room on the second floor, the door of which was slightly ajar. He paused a few moments, uncertain whether to enter or pass on, but a continuation of the same sounds of distress, at length decided him, and opening the door, he stepped into the room.

A woman considerably advanced in years, and seemingly overwhelmed with grief, was seated by a low bed, on which lay a young girl, about nineteen years of age, and of a delicacy and sweetness of countenance, not often seen. Her long, fair hair, was parted over a broad, smooth forehead, and, terminating in soft ringlets, hung carelessly over the pillow. There was a bright spot on either cheek, and a restlessness in her dark, blue eye, which betokened pain and suffering. She was apparently laboring under some paralytic affection, for as she attempted to

raise her hand to her head, it shook violently, and fell powerless by her side, while a sharp spasm for a moment contracted one side of her face. In one corner of the room sat an old gentleman, in the disconsolate attitude of utter despondency; his elbows resting on his knees, his face buried in his hands, and his long, gray locks hanging, dank and matted, down his cheeks. On a low stool by his side, his little hands resting on the old man's knees, sat a pale-faced boy, apparently about four years of age, who was gazing earnestly and silently toward the sick girl, while his little lip occasionally quivered, as if with suppressed emotion, and his large, black eyes were brimming with tears.

The entrance of their visiter was unobserved, and he stood for a few minutes, a sympathizing spectator of the sorrowful scene.

"Do not grieve so, dear mother," after a long and tender gaze at her weeping parent, the sick girl, in a soft, sweet voice, at length exclaimed. "I am sure I am better than I was. My limbs do not tremble so violently, and I feel much stronger. I shall soon be able to return to my

employment again, and then we shall all be comfortable and happy once more."

A fresh burst of tears, and a mournful shake of the head, were the mother's only reply.

Mr. Grant now advanced toward the bedside, and as the mother turned her face toward him, he instantly recognised in her one of the friendless mourners of the lonely burial. She was somewhat surprised at the sudden appearance of a stranger in her apartment, but received him without embarrassment, and with a courteous, though homely civility, requested him to be seated.

Her address aroused the old man from his desponding attitude, and as he too arose to receive the stranger, Mr. Grant was at no loss to identify him also. But, though unchanged in other respects, he saw that his countenance had lost the rigidity and sternness, which had characterized it on the mournful occasion when he had first beheld him. Hopeless and unresisted sorrow seemed now its predominant expression, and he looked at Mr. Grant, as if thinking it scarcely possible that his visit could be one of kindness.

"Excuse my intrusion, sir," said Mr. Grant, hastening to reply to the old man's look, "but as I was passing your door, I heard sounds of distress proceeding from the room, and thinking that perhaps some assistance might be needed, I entered to proffer my services. I am a clergyman, and you need not fear accepting them."

"Services!" exclaimed the old man, with a bitter smile, "We are poor, and have no money to pay you for services! And I have been long enough in this country to learn that they are never rendered without the expectation of pay! No, sir, I thank you, but we cannot afford to receive any services;" and with another bitter smile he returned to his seat in the corner of the room, and again buried his face in his hands.

"You must have been very unfortunate," said Mr. Grant, following the old man to his seat, "if you have had reason to come to this conclusion. Nevertheless, I beg you to believe that I proffer my assistance in sincerity, and without the hope of reward, and whatever services you may need, that are within the range of my ability, they shall be cheerfully rendered."

The old man again looked up to the face of Mr. Grant, but with a puzzled and doubtful expression, as if not more than half believing the words that met his ear.

"You will pardon one, whom misfortune has almost rendered desperate, if he is insensible to your kindness," said the poor woman, who was now at his side. "But we have been so long strangers to anything like kindness, that it hardly seems a reality when it is offered us. You are the first one whom we have heard breathe its language since we landed on the American shore; but oh, how bitterly have we often felt its need!"

"What country are you from?" inquired Mr. Grant.

"We are from Scotland; and would to God it had never been our evil fortune to leave that country!" she replied, the tears rolling again down her cheeks. "There we were blest with health, and a competence sufficient for our comfortable support. Here we have suffered all the ills of poverty, sickness, and death. Disappointment met us at our first landing, and disappoint-

ment and trouble have dogged our footsteps ever since."

"Why did you leave Scotland?" inquired Mr. Grant, deeply interested. "It must have required strong inducements to prompt you to forsake home and country at your time of life."

"And we had strong inducements; otherwise we should never have come here," answered the woman, drawing her chair nearer to her sympathizing auditor, who was now seated. "The Scotch are too clanish, too much attached to their hills and heather, to be drawn away from them by light reasons. If you are willing to listen to a garrulous old woman, who has not had a friend to whom to open her heart for many a day, it would be a relief to me to tell you our story."

"Tell it without reserve, if you can trust me," warmly replied Mr. Grant, "I may be better able to render you assistance."

"Well, then, according to the prescribed rules of most story-tellers," said the poor woman, with a faint smile, "I will begin my narrative by telling you our name, which is the common one of Campbell. When, in our own land, we

did not belong to the poorest class, among which adverse fortune has assigned us a station in this country, we were then what are termed 'good livers;' that is, we had enough to eat, drink, and to wear, without being obliged to labor more than was conducive to our health and happiness. We were married early in life, and were blest with three children, one son and two daughters, one of whom is the poor girl, whom you see lying sick and helpless on that little bed, and the other one sleeps beneath the ever-restless waters of the Atlantic. We were prospered in all our undertakings, and life looked fair before us. Our children grew up virtuous and healthy, and, in due time, we had the happiness of seeing our eldest daughter married to a man, in every respect her equal, with every prospect of happiness and long life before her.

"About four years ago, our son, who was then about two-and-twenty, was seized with a strong desire of visiting this country. You can scarcely imagine the extravagant notions that are entertained in Europe in relation to the United States. Captains of vessels, ship-owners, and other interested persons, have, for years, taken

the utmost pains to spread abroad the idea, that a young man has but to emigrate to this country, to realize at once a handsome fortune. Indeed, such are the false impressions given by the representations of these men, that many actually suppose that money is so plenty here, that it will almost fall into their pockets, without the trouble of seeking it. Many and many a young man has found to his cost, when he has arrived here, how fatally he has been deceived.

"Our son, at the time I speak of, was engaged in a profitable mercantile business in Edinborough. He had inherited a bequest of several thousand dollars from an uncle, who had recently died, and possessed a handsome and unencumbered capital. But he was seized with the prevailing mania for emigration, and though his father and myself said everything in our power to dissuade him from the project, he was bent on trying his fortune in this land of enterprise and speculation. His business was soon favorably disposed; his money invested in merchandise, and all other arrangements completed, when, accompanied by a young man, by the name of Maurice Logan, whom he had taken into

partnership, and who was affianced and soon to have been married to our poor Rose, who lies there so helpless, he embarked in a merchant vessel, and was soon on his way to the United States.

"After a short and favorable voyage, they landed in New York, and were soon established in one of the principal streets, and doing a business far more prosperous and lucrative, than in their most sanguine moments they had even dared to hope. Their capital was in a short time doubled, and the firm of 'Campbell & Logan,' soon known as one of the most prosperous and thriving in the street. We received letters from Edward, as well as Logan, every two or three months, and they constantly gave the most flattering accounts of their success.

"After about a year, the letters of Logan began to speak of a return to Scotland, for the purpose of inducing Rose to marry, and return with him to his new home. It was long before the poor girl could make up her mind to this arrangement, but after a hard struggle between affection for her parents, and love for him, she at length yielded to his urgent and continued en-

treaties, and preparations were commenced for her marriage and removal.

"But circumstances soon occurred to produce a change in the prospects and arrangements of the young couple. Hard times came on, the business of the mercantile world was hopelessly deranged, and it was thought expedient that the marriage should be deferred until more fortunate times. This was accordingly decided on, and all preparations for a time postponed.

"Meanwhile the letters of Edward were as kind and frequent as ever. He often sent us little presents, and still spoke of their business as good, for, although they were not making money so rapidly as at first, still, so careful had been their management, their losses had been comparatively small, and they were yet able to make a comfortable living.

"It was at length proposed by Edward, that as his residence, as well that of Logan in this country, would probably be permanent, we should dispose of our property in Scotland, and fix our abode here also. A fear that the marriage of Rose would soon separate her from us perhaps for life, should we remain in our own country,

weighed much in our minds in favor of acceding to our son's proposition. Added to this, our eldest daughter, having recently lost her husband, had returned to us with her two small children, leaving little to bind us to Scotland, save the warm and natural attachment which one commonly feels for his native land. A brief deliberation, therefore, sufficed to establish our wavering resolutions, and determine us to emigrate.

"There was, however, some delay in disposing of our property to good advantage, and we were not able to complete our arrangements for leaving our country so soon as we intended, or so soon as Edward expected us. All was, however, at last ready. We set sail with a favorable wind about the middle of November, and everything betokened a good passage. But at that season of the year, the voyager is extremely liable to frequent, and sudden changes of weather, and we had been at sea about three weeks, when a violent storm arose, which continued for several days without intermission and without abatement. Our vessel was not able to withstand its violence, and the third day after the

commencement of the storm, she lay a helpless and unmanageable wreck on the wide ocean. Fortunately, however, the storm had by this time somewhat abated, or we should most likely have all been lost. We clung to the vessel as long as possible, until she began to show signs of sinking, when the captain ordered out the boats, and the wreck was abandoned. Unfortunately, our boats were small, and very much crowded, and it being entirely uncertain how long we should be obliged to remain in them, the captain absolutely refused to allow anything save the merest necessaries of life to be taken on board. Our property which we had mostly invested in goods for our son, was therefore irretrievably lost, nothing being left to us but a few clothes, and the little money we chanced to have about us, amounting in all to but a few hundred dollars.

"In less than an hour after we had abandoned the wreck it went down, and we were alone on the wide ocean, tossed about by the winds and waves, in frail boats which threatened every moment to go to pieces. Fortunately, however, a vessel soon hove in sight, and we were seen

and taken on board. It proved to be an English vessel bound for New York, and we were therefore happily spared the evils of being landed in a foreign port.

"The second day after we entered this vessel, our eldest daughter complained of illness. The exposure, fatigue, and alarm occasioned by the storm through which we had passed, had been too much for her. Her illness rapidly increased, there was no physician on board, and three days before we reached New York, she was consigned to the deep, a breathless, motionless corpse. It was a terrible blow to us, though merciful compared with what we have since suffered, and we felt a fearful presentiment that our voyage would prove, in every respect, an ill-fated one. Alas! that presentiment has been but too fearfully realized.

CHAPTER III.

"Alone, amid their hearth-fires,
I watched my child's decay;
Uncheered I saw the spirit light,
From his young eyes fade away.

"When his head sank on my bosom,
When the death-sleep o'er him fell,
Was there one to say — 'A friend is near'?
There was none! — my child, farewell!"

HEMANS.

"WE landed in New York, on the 24th of December, and immediately proceeded to the street and number, to which we had always directed our letters to our son and Logan, expecting to meet them at once. You may judge how bitter must have been our disappointment, to learn that the firm of 'Campbell & Logan,' had either broken up or removed, and the persons who occupied the store were not able to

give us any information concerning them. We made inquiries in the neighborhood, and were at last informed by a merchant, who seemed to pity our distress and disappointment, that he had understood they had about six months since removed to the west. But where, he could not acquaint us.

"What course to pursue in so unfortunate and unexpected an emergency, we were entirely at a loss to determine. Where could they have gone? We could not believe that they had left the city, without leaving some letter or message for us, whom they must certainly have expected. But with whom could that letter or message have been left? Here all was darkness and uncertainty.

"We were stopping at a foreign boarding-house, a miserable place, but as good as our means would allow, and my husband went every day to the post office, thinking that he might, perhaps, at last find a letter, which would furnish him with a clew to the present residence of our son and Logan. But as he returned day after day, and always with the same ill-success, hope died away in our hearts, and my husband even

began to fancy that their absence was a premeditated and intentional plan to be rid of the trouble of receiving and assisting us. I combated this unhappy notion by every argument in my power, and Rose, too, resolutely refused to lend the least credence to so improbable a conjecture. But in spite of her fearless defence of her brother and lover, I saw that she was restless and miserable. She lost her appetite, her color faded, and while she affected a forced and unnatural cheerfulness, I often surprised her in tears.

"But we soon began to feel it necessary to adopt some settled plan of living, so as to make our little means hold out as long as possible. We accordingly hired two small rooms at a reasonable rent, and were soon settled down for the winter. Constantly endeavoring to buoy up herself and us with the hope of seeing or hearing from Edward and Maurice in the spring, Rose was our greatest comfort in every desponding hour. As she was naturally of a very ingenious turn, she soon contrived means to earn a little money, so as to make our own little funds hold out the longer. She made various

elegant little fancy articles, which she disposed of to good advantage, at a foreign repository for such articles in Broadway; and so much were they pleased with her work, that they gave her constant employment, and at a very tolerable price; so that we had to draw much less on our little store of money than you would have believed possible.

"But, unaccustomed to the close confinement and constant employment of the needle, to which she now resolutely subjected herself, the health of poor Rose began to fail. Nevertheless, she still persisted in her arduous sedentary labors, constantly affirming that she felt no ill effects from it, though her slight appetite, and faded cheeks, but too plainly contradicted her assertions. The youngest child of our poor daughter who was buried in the sea, began also to show signs of severe illness. Day after day the delicate boy became more and more drooping, until he could no longer hold up his head. We applied to a physician who lived near us, and he for a time attended him; but in spite of his exertions, and our own unwearied care, he constantly grew worse and worse, and before Feb-

ruary was at an end, he was pronounced beyond the hope of cure.

"Anxiety of mind, and her severe personal labors, were meanwhile operating fatally against our dear Rose, and about the middle of March, she was obliged to relinquish all employment, and take to her bed. We again summoned the physician, but so far from benefiting, his prescriptions seemed rather to injure her. At length her disease seemed to assume a new form, and she became gradually afflicted, as you see her now, with a painful spasmodic affection. Her limbs on one side became almost wholly useless. If she attempted to walk, they would suddenly fail beneath her, and if she made an effort to sew, her needle would fall from her hand, and her arm shake as if in convulsions. Finding that all the efforts of the physician proved entirely unavailing, and our rapidly sinking funds warning us that we could not much longer meet his heavy charges—for he demanded and received twelve shillings for every visit he made her, and an equal sum almost every week for the different preparations with which he furnished us—we finally dismissed him.

"As it was absolutely necessary to retrench our expenses in every possible way, on the first of April we paid our month's rent, and removed to this tenement, which we obtained at less than half the price of the other. But we were hardly settled in our new abode, when our little one seemed rapidly sinking, and in one week more he died.

"My husband, always somewhat inclined to despondency of disposition, had, under the influence of our adverse circumstances, and the unaccountable absence of our son, long been becoming much more so. A melancholy gloom seemed now constantly brooding over his mind, which the death of our little grandchild, deepened into despair. We had kept ourselves quietly aloof from our neighbors, who were mostly of a low and noisy character, and having no friends or acquaintances to sympathize with and assist us in our bereavement, my husband absolutely refused his permission, when I proposed that we should call in one of our neighbors to assist in the performance of the last sad duties to our child, which I shrunk from undertaking alone.

"'No,' he exclaimed, 'we have been forsaken

in a land of strangers by our own child, and another who was to have been our child, and strangers shall not look us in the face, and say, you are under obligations to us. No, we will bury our dead, as we have watched him through his sickness, and seen him die — alone. Say no more on the subject, but make such preparations as our poverty will allow, and let us carry our child to his grave.'

"To you, who have never known the forlornness and desolation which come over his heart, who feels that he has been forsaken in a land of strangers, by his own child, this command of my husband may appear harsh and unfeeling; but, to me, who was acquainted with all the windings of his nature, it wore a different aspect, I felt that it was the echo of a breaking heart, and turning away my face to conceal my anguish from one who had enough of his own to bear, I acquiesced without a dissenting word, while my husband seated himself as you see him now, apparently forgetful of everything around him.

"Rose, who had slept while the last sad change was passing over our child, was still sleeping,

and, as I was anxious to spare her the sight of everything agitating, I hastened to perform my last trying duties before she should awake. Softly and without a tear, I lifted the motionless and still beautiful child from its bed, and bearing it to a table in a remote corner of our only room, commenced my melancholy task. I tenderly closed the dim and rayless eyes; I carefully straightened the delicate and emaciated limbs; and, then arranging the soft and glossy ringlets around its snowy brow, with a heavy heart enveloped its icy form in a little robe which it had worn in its happy infancy. This done, I impressed a long, long kiss upon its half-closed violet lips, and was preparing to cover the dear object from my sight, when I was startled by the soft, low call of 'mother,' and at the same moment felt a hand on my dress behind. I instantly turned, and there stood little James, his arm encircling the neck of poor Rose, who had slid softly out of bed, and had contrived to creep on her hands and knees to my side. She had awakened during my melancholy operations, and, in an instant, comprehending the whole truth, had silently crept toward me, with the intention

of trying to assist me at my mournful task. She was shaking more violently than I had ever seen her, and, as I looked down into the sorrowful face of the dear, helpless girl, all my long suppressed feelings at length burst forth, and sinking on my knees by her side, I threw my arms around her waist, and wept long and bitterly. My husband, aroused from his fit of grief and abstraction, by my sobs, arose and drew near us. He gently raised poor Rose from the floor, and, with the first touch of natural feeling and tenderness, he had yet discovered through all that melancholy day, kindly and patiently supported the dear girl, while she gazed upon the dead face of the sweet boy, who had been so cherished by us all.

"'It is the Lord's will, and let us submit!' he exclaimed, the tears rolling down his cheeks, and taking the weeping and helpless Rose in his arms, tenderly laid her once more upon the bed. The little James, with a bewildered air, that was piteous to behold, and keeping fast hold of her frock, followed close behind, and, creeping into bed by her side, nestled his face close to hers, and lay perfectly still and silent; and, for

several hours, no inducement could prevail upon him to turn his eyes toward that part of the room where lay his dead brother.

"I softly covered up the little motionless form, and waiting until our daughter was composed and quiet, my husband took up his hat, and left the house. He soon returned, accompanied by an undertaker, who resided in the neighborhood; arrangements for the burial, that same afternoon, were soon made, and the undertaker left us to make the necessary preparations. In about two hours he came back once more; the sad duty of depositing our little one in its narrow house, was reverently performed, the weeping Rose had taken her last, long look, and we departed. The undertaker lifted the precious burden under his arm, and, walking on before us, we took our remaining grandchild by the hand, and slowly followed, leaving Rose to all the mournful solitude and friendlessness of her sick room.

"Never shall I forget that melancholy walk! Even the meanest laborer, paused in his employment, to gaze at and pity the unfriended mourners of that little procession. Many an open window was filled with a wondering and

sympathizing group, and many a riotous boy suddenly checked his mirth, and stood respectfully aside, as we past him, in our mournful way.

"At last we reached the graveyard, and while my heart was swelling with bitter anguish at the thought that we were burying, as we had buried its mother, without the sacred services of religion, the orphan child of that loved daughter, who slept in the wide waste of the Atlantic, my husband, assisted by the undertaker, lowered the coffin into its narrow receptacle. Then, slowly uncovering his head, he clasped his hands fervently together, and poured out a prayer to God, more acceptable, I believe, in the sight of that holy being, than many a one which has fallen from the lips of the proud and titled divine. The grave was then filled up, and after marking the spot, and bidding a silent farewell to its little tenant, we left it, and returned once more to our suffering daughter and melancholy home.

Our days since that period have been past in sad and wearisome monotony. No intelligence of our absent son or Logan has yet reached us, and we have almost ceased to expect it. Even Rose no longer endeavors to cheer our hearts

by an encouraging word, while her own situation, so far from improving, seems rather, as week after week passes over her head, to grow more and more hopeless. My husband sunk in utter despondency, spends the greater portion of his time, as you see him now, too abstracted and gloomy to heed anything that is passing around him. The yearning he feels for our early home, the loss of our property, the death of our daughter and her orphan child, together with the strange absence of our son, have been too much for him, and I sometimes fear his senses are fatally impaired.

"What will become of us, God only knows! for our money is now almost entirely gone. If poor Rose should ever recover, which I hardly dare to hope, we may yet live without appealing to public charity. Otherwise there can be but one fate for us, for my husband is, I fear, entirely unable to make an effort for our support."

CHAPTER IV.

"There never was a night too dark to be followed by day."—*Old Saw.*

"But Time, the destroyer, yet kindly shall bring
A charm for each suffering, a balm for each sting;
And the tear-drops of anguish while yet in its flow
Is dried by the warmth of hope's heavenly glow."

The poor mother finished her recital, and wiping her tearful eyes, arose and went to the bedside of her daughter who had sometime since fallen asleep, and after gazing tenderly upon her for a few moments, softly kissed her beautiful cheek, and with a deep sigh returned to her seat. "Poor girl," she exclaimed, "I fear that is her death-bed!"

"I hope not!" said Mr. Grant, who had been a deeply-moved auditor of the sorrowful tale of Mrs. Campbell; "I think she may be cured. And if you will give me permission, I will bring a skilful physician of my acquaintance to examine her case."

The word physician seemed to arouse the old man from his abstraction, for immediately raising his head, he exclaimed, "A physician! I have no money to pay a physician, and if I had, he would only torment her to no purpose. The physicians in this country are all a set of leeches —they would draw the last cent from your pocket, and then leave you to die without the smallest remnant of pity! I want to see no more physicians!"

"You are mistaken, my dear sir; believe me you are entirely mistaken!" said Mr. Grant; "there are many, very many kind-hearted, benevolent men who are physicians. You have unfortunately since you arrived in this country been acquainted only with an ignorant pretender, not a scientific practitioner! I, however, am acquainted with a great many belonging to the latter class, and I do not believe that there is one among the whole number who would not willingly and cheerfully attend your sick child without the slightest remuneration. Only give me permission to bring the one I mentioned, and if there are any charges, they shall be paid from my own pocket."

The old man gave his visiter another puzzled and incredulous look, and then, as if tired of the controversy, sunk once more into his former abstracted attitude.

With a promise to call with the physician that evening or the next day, Mr. Grant now bade Mrs. Campbell a hasty farewell and departed. But his steps were bent in another direction than that of home. While listening to the tale of the poor woman a thought had crossed his mind, which filled him with a hope he dared not venture to utter to the heart-sick mother, lest it might end in disappointment.

He recollected having heard a merchant of his acquaintance, some time since mention a circumstance, of which he was strongly reminded by some incidents in the narration of Mrs. Campbell. Two young Scotchmen, friends of his, who had been for two or three years engaged in a flourishing business in New York, had determined on removing to St. Louis. Before starting, however, they had called on him, leaving letters for their parents whom they were expecting to arrive in this country in a few months, and requesting him to look after

their welfare, and see that they were comfortably situated in every respect, until they should return to New York, the ensuing autumn for goods, when they would remunerate him for his trouble, and take their friends with them on their return to St. Louis. They stated that they had already written to their friends, giving them an account of the change in their location, and directing them to call on this merchant as soon as they arrived in New York, and he would assist them in their arrangements, until their sons should themselves return to take charge of them.

Now these young men might possibly have no connexion with the unfortunate family from which he had just separated, but still the thought continually haunted him, that they were the very persons who had been so long looked for, and so long mourned.

Filled with the hope of removing the suffering of so unfortunate and interesting a family, Mr. Grant hurried to the counting-room of his friend to make the necessary inquiries. Fortunately he was in, and disengaged.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Grant" said he, as the

minister entered panting with excitement, and the heat of the weather. "You seem hurried and agitated, sit down and rest yourself."

"I am a good deal agitated, Mr. Ray, I confess," answered the benevolent Mr. Grant, "for I have come to make certain inquiries of you, upon your answers to which a great deal of happiness or misery depends."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Ray, "and, pray, what are these questions? I am all attention, and will answer them to the very best of my abilities."

"Well," said Mr. Grant, "to come to the point at once, do you recollect having mentioned to me sometime since, two young friends of yours, merchants and Scotchmen, who had given up business in this city and removed to St. Louis?"

"Certainly!" replied Mr. Ray, "but what of them? You are not acquainted with them?"

"No!" answered Mr. Grant; "but I will explain matters by-and-by. Only tell me instantly, what were their names."

"Their names were Edward Campbell and Maurice Logan," answered Mr. Ray, thinking

Mr. Grant a little beside himself to be so impatient.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the good minister starting from his seat. "Thank God, it must be they! Now answer me two questions more. Where are they now, and when have you heard from them?"

"They are probably on their way from St. Louis to New York. I had a letter from them a month since, making many anxious inquiries whether their friends had arrived, and saying that they should probably be here by the first of September. And now, if I have satisfied you, tell me why you inquire."

Mr. Grant then related to his friend, the main incidents of the story he had just received from the lips of Mrs. Campbell, and stated his own convictions that this unfortunate family were the very persons for whom his young friend had been so long anxiously looking.

"To be sure they must be!" answered Mr. Ray. "But what can be the reason I never heard of their arrival before? For Campbell expressly stated to me a few days before their departure for the west, that he had written to

his parents, acquainting them with their change of residence, and desiring them in the most particular manner to apply to me immediately on their arrival, as I had promised to take charge of their affairs, and attend to providing them with pleasant rooms and other accommodations until they should come on to meet them this month. It must be that their letters were never received. How unfortunate! Here they have been suffering for months all the miseries of poverty, sickness, and death, and, worse than all, the torturing suspicion that they were forsaken by their own child. I do not wonder the old man has nearly lost his senses under such a load of accumulated miseries. It is astonishing how the mother has been sustained through it all! she must be a superior woman! And then that sweet Rose, too! Is there any chance for her, think you? Will she ever get well? If she does not, I am sure I do not know what poor Logan will do. He is such an affectionate dispositioned fellow, it will certainly break his heart. If it does not I will never forgive him. Did you say that you knew a physician who you thought could cure her?"

"I did," answered Mr. Grant, smiling at the eager loquacity of his friend, "and I am sure she may be cured. The physician I allude to had a case, I think, precisely like hers sometime since, and the patient is now as well as ever. But now that you have answered my inquiries so much to my satisfaction, I must go and see if he can go with me to visit poor Rose this evening or to-morrow morning. And what think you, will it be best to acquaint them with the encouraging prospect there is of the speedy return of their son and Logan? There can be no danger of a mistake, can there?"

"Tell them, certainly; there can be no mistake whatever. And here is the letter for them, which Campbell left with me when he went away. It has been a great trouble to me to see it in my desk so long, I assure you, and glad am I to have an opportunity to transfer it to the hands for which it was destined. And now I think of it, if you will stop a few moments with me at the Astor house, while I look over their books to see whether a friend whom I am expecting from Chicago, and who always puts up there, has arrived, I will accompany you to the

Campbells'. I should like to have the pleasure of delivering the letter myself, and witnessing the rapture of the old people, and the silent joy of poor Rose, when she learns that Logan is faithful, and that she will probably soon see him again."

Mr. Grant readily acceded to the proposal of the good merchant, and the two gentlemen were soon on their way to the Astor house. On entering, Mr. Grant sat down to run his eye over a paper, while Mr. Ray was soon engaged in examining a register of the daily arrivals at the Astor house. He was just rising, with an expression of disappointment, from his search, when his eye was attracted by something new, and he suddenly exclaimed, "What's this? 'Campbell & Logan, merchants, St. Louis.' As I live, friend Grant, they're here now. They have just arrived, this very afternoon, and here are their names, in black and white, on the register."

Mr. Grant started from his seat, and looking over the shoulder of his companion, "Thank God!" he exclaimed, "here they are, sure enough! I wonder if they are in?"

"That question is soon decided," said Mr. Ray, suddenly turning to the barkeeper; "Are Campbell & Logan, from St. Louis, in?" he inquired.

"They are, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Show us their room, then, we wish to see them," said Mr. Ray, motioning toward the door.

"The gentlemen are fatigued, sir," replied a servant in attendance, "and gave particular directions that they should not be disturbed till supper.

"Never mind! never mind!" said Mr. Ray, continuing to move toward the door. "We are intimate friends, and will be responsible for your breach of orders. Show us the way!"

The servant bowed, and, followed by the two gentlemen, instantly led the way up the grand staircase, and pausing before a door in the third story, gave two or three gentle knocks. "Friends, sir," said the servant, bowing to a gentleman who immediately opened it.

The two gentlemen entered the room, and Mr. Ray saluting his young friends with all the cordiality and frankness of old and familiar ac-

quaintance, was warmly and delightedly welcomed. When the first friendly greetings were over, Mr. Ray presented Mr. Grant as a gentleman in whom they would soon be much interested.

They were noble-looking young men, and in the fine, bland countenance of the taller of the two, Mr. Grant had no difficulty in recognising the brother of poor Rose. There was the same soft and confiding expression in his blue eyes which characterized hers, and when he smiled his features were lighted up with the same mild beauty. The other and the younger of them, would, probably, by most persons have been considered the handsomest. His countenance was of a far more intellectual cast, than that of his companion, and the bold yet tender black eye, and high, broad forehead, around which the short, black curls were thickly clustered, indicated a character precisely fitted to captivate so soft and confiding a creature as was Rose Campbell.

"You are the very person we wished to see," said Mr. Campbell, again warmly shaking the hand of Mr. Ray. "To what fortunate event

are we indebted for so early a visit? We were on the point of seeking you."

"Indeed," replied his friend, "I must confess you are indebted to accident, rather than design for our visit, as it was quite impossible for us to be aware of your arrival. Though if I did not know that the age of miracles had gone by, I should be somewhat inclined to ascribe our meeting you at the present juncture to some supernatural agency. The fact is, you are of all persons in the world, the very ones we were most wishing to see. You could not have come at a more fortunate moment."

"And what is the particular reason for our presence being so very desirable just now? I hope it is, as I suspect, that you bring us news of my parents."

"You are right in your conjecture," answered Mr. Ray. "I have just learned from my friend, Mr. Grant, who discovered them to-day by a singular chance, that they are in the city, and have been here since last December. I cannot now give you a history of their sufferings and disasters, but they have passed through many, and of almost every character. It seems,

your letters, announcing your removal to the west, were never received, consequently, being unable to find you, or learn anything from you, they were placed in a most awkward predicament. They were long buoyed up with the hope that you would soon make your appearance, but that hope at last died away, and they felt as if you had forsaken them. This and his other calamities, advanced as he is in years, have almost broken the poor old man's heart, and they have gone well nigh to the breaking of your sister's. She is now very sick, and has been so for a long time, though my friend considers her case not a hopeless one, and knows a physician, who, he feels confident, will undertake her case.

"Added to these troubles, have been still greater ones. They were shipwrecked on their passage, and lost everything, except a little money, which was hardly sufficient to save them from starvation. Your elder sister, too frail to endure the fatigue and exposure, consequent upon the long and violent storm through which they passed, died before they reached New York, and her youngest child has since followed her. Borne

down by so many sorrows, without friends, and without hope, you must therefore not be surprised should you find them sadly and in every way changed."

The merchant, paused in his recital, too much affected to say more. The young men had listened to him with equally strong, but variously expressed emotions. The moment he had ended, Logan started from his seat, and abruptly seizing his hat, "Let us go to them, this moment, Edward!" he exclaimed, the tears rolling down his manly cheeks. "To think my poor Rose should be lying sick and forsaken in a foreign land, with no friend to come near her, or to cheer her heart, when it was wrung with the thought of my desertion; it was too, too cruel. Oh, come, Edward, come now; I shall never forgive myself if I lose another moment. I long to ask Rose if she can forgive my apparent desertion," and, grasping the arm of Edward, he was dragging him from the room.

"Stop, stop!" cried Mr. Ray, seizing his arm, and forcibly detaining him, "you do not yet know where to find her, and if you did, remember how sick she is, and how long she has

been so. In her present weak and nervous state, the agitation occasioned by the sudden surprise might prove her death-warrant. You must not burst in upon her without some previous preparation. The old gentleman, too, is unable to bear the least abruptness. No, it will not do. Mr. Grant and myself were just on our way to visit them, when we accidentally learned your arrival. And I think, nay, I am sure, Edward is reasonable enough to agree with me, that the better way will be to fulfil that intention, and break the matter to them by degrees, for too great joy can kill as well as too great grief. You must both be satisfied to remain here, until my return, which shall be as soon as possible."

"I suppose you are right," said Edward, pacing the room with quick and agitated steps, "though how shall I be able to submit? Good God! to think what dreadful calamities may result from the smallest accident! Who would have believed that the miscarriage of a single letter, would occasion such accumulated miseries to a whole family! My poor, poor mother!" and his voice grew choked and husky, "my dear old father! my dear, sweet little Rose!"

Mr. Grant and the merchant waited until the first passionate emotion of their friends had somewhat subsided, and then, after a few admonitions on the virtue of patience, which were, as admonitions at such times usually are, on Logan particularly, thrown away, they departed. They soon reached the humble dwelling of the poor family, and gently as they broke the joyful intelligence of the arrival of the long-sought friends, it was almost too much for them. The poor old father was entirely overcome. For a long time he could only rock himself backward and forward in his chair, and weep and sob like a grieved and heart-burdened child. "Thank God!" said he, at last, in a broken voice, "my son is not a heartless ingrate! I could have sooner borne to lay him in the grave, than to have known him capable of forsaking his father and mother in their old age, and in a foreign land! Thank God, he is not an ingrate!"

The mother's joy was expressed only by silent but blissful tears, while Rose, after the first speechless moment of surprise was over, slid softly and unobserved from her bed, and raising herself with difficulty on her knees,

poured out her gratitude in joyful tears and thanksgiving to God.

The careful mother soon lifted the overjoyed girl once more into her bed, and gently kissing her smiling and blushing cheek, "Dear girl, if you were only well," said she, "our cup of happiness would be too full," and with a sigh, half pleasure and half pain, she turned away to make room for little James, who for two or three minutes had stood looking at the transported Rose, in utter bewilderment at her unusual energy, and look of happiness.

"What is it, aunt Rosey, dear?" whispered the little fellow, as he softly crept to the pillow of his beautiful relation.

"Uncle Edward has come, dear," she answered affectionately, kissing his little round cheek, as with a smile and a blush, she suppressed another name that was trembling on her lips.

"Uncle Edward?" he exclaimed, "and I hope our Maurice Logan, too! for then you will get well, and grandpa will get well, and we shall all be so happy!"

"We shall indeed be happy then!" said the grandmother, drawing the little boy to her side,

then turning to Mr. Ray, "when shall we see them?" she inquired, "we cannot wait long; I am sure the sight of them would be the best medicine for us all."

"That is just what I think," replied the kind-hearted merchant, "and as it is best while we are about it, to have as many good things as possible, if Mr. Grant will go and bring his physician, that we may have the assurance of this dear girl's recovery, I will go down to the Astor house and bring mine. And then we will all be happy together."

Away then went the two friends once more, and Mr. Grant fortunately finding the physician at home, he was by the bedside of Rose in a very short time. After a careful and thorough examination of the patient, his decision, for which all were waiting in anxious silence, was pronounced.

"The disease," said he, "under which this poor girl has been so long suffering, is, though an uncommon, a plain and by no means a very difficult one. It is a local affection of the spine, which acting upon the nerves in its vicinity, has deranged the whole nervous system, and oc-

casions the spasmodic tremors under which she labors. I will undertake to cure her in two months."

"Thank God! for he is merciful!" exclaimed the father, clasping his hands with a long-drawn and deep inspiration, "the night is passing away, and the morning begins to shine forth!" and sinking back in his chair, he lifted up his eyes and seemed lost in silent devotion.

But the long-tried and almost wornout mother, eagerly snatching the hand of the physician, wrung it convulsively, then throwing her arms around her suffering daughter, wept with all the abandonment of hysterical emotion.

"Mother, dear mother!" said the poor girl vainly endeavoring to throw her own shaking arm around her parent's neck; "think of all the happiness in store for us! Edward and Maurice come back, my own health and strength restored, and all the comforts of a plentiful home once more! Let us forget the sorrows of the past, and think only of the joys of the future. Our heavenly Father is smiling upon us now, dear mother, and let us thank him and be grateful!"

"I do! I do! my child!" sobbed out the weeping mother, "it is his goodness which occasions these tears! I have borne all the sorrows which were laid upon me without a murmur, but I feel now as if joy were breaking my heart!"

The good physician dashed away the drops that were gathering in his eyes, and lifting the sobbing mother from the bed, "Come, come," said he, "I cannot permit this any longer. We must think of the health of my patient, which this agitation is by no means calculated to improve!"

The thought of her child was enough for the mother, and, with a strong effort at self-control, she instantly subdued her emotion, and in a few minutes was composed and calm as ever. The physician, then giving his attention to Rose, applied such remedies and gave such directions as he deemed necessary, and kindly bidding the now happy family farewell, took his leave.

CHAPTER V.

"Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy."

HARDLY had the kind-hearted physician left the humble dwelling of Mr. Campbell, when Mr. Ray and his two young friends entered. But to describe the meeting of the long-separated family, is beyond the powers of my feeble pen. Those who, in a foreign land, have experienced all the varied misfortunes which it had been the lot of this devoted family to pass through, and who have withered under all that "heart-sick hope deferred," which, worse than the darkest certainty, had so long weighed down the souls of the almost despairing parents, and the suffering Rose, can alone imagine its mingled joy and pain.

"My son!" "father!" "mother!" "dearest Rose!" were the brief but expressive ejaculations, which burst simultaneously from the lips of all.

"Let me look at him!" exclaimed the poor old father, as with a weak and trembling hand, he grasped the shoulder of his long-sought son; and holding him at arm's length, long and earnestly his dim eyes wandered over his ruddy and handsome features. "Let me see what changes these three long, weary years have wrought in him. Let me see if the fatal hand which has been so unsparingly at work with my other children, has past him by unscathed. Ah," continued he, his voice softening into tenderness, while the strong workings of his countenance, betrayed the inward strivings of his heart, "here is the same soft blue eye, and bright cheek, the same tender smile! Time and fortune have dealt more gently with you, my son, than with us. But, blessed be God! we shall see happier days! Misfortune, I trust, has expended her cruelest shafts."

"Let me too see him!" exclaimed the fond mother, impatiently throwing her arms around the neck of her son, "let me find him but unchanged in heart and health, and I will murmur at no change in his person." But, as she tenderly gazed on his manly and beaming face,

the proud and loving expression which shone in her eye, told how far removed from indifference was the feeling with which she regarded his bright and glowing beauty. But, as she fondly examined each well-remembered lineament, the look of pride gave place to one of mournful regret, for the memory of the past was stealing slowly back upon her heart. "You are the same," she exclaimed in a subdued and touching voice, "I see no change in you, but, with us —— The links of our household chain have been rudely broken since you left us, my son, and one who would have joyed to see this day, has gone from us. Agnes, our poor Agnes, as your friends have probably told you, lies buried in the sea, and her second-born has found an early grave in one of the churchyards of this city. But God, who does all things well, saw that it was good for us to be thus afflicted, and though my heart has bent beneath the blow, until I thought it must surely break, I have forborne to murmur at the bereavement. But I will not sadden you with such remembrances, when we ought to think of nothing but joy, especially as poor Rose

has been patiently waiting so long for an embrace. See how happy she looks!"

Rose was indeed happy — too happy to give utterance to her joy in words. She lay on her pillow, her face all covered with smiles and tears, fondly looking up into the eyes of Maurice, who sat bending over her, one arm encircling the neck of the beautiful girl, while the other one served as a resting-place for his own face, which presented quite as much the appearance of an April day, as that of his more gentle companion.

"Dear Rose!" whispered the young man, softly touching his lips to the faintly blushing cheek of the sick girl. "Dear, suffering Rose, to meet you after so long a separation, and to meet you thus — to think how you have been borne down by the united miseries of poverty, sickness, desertion, and the death of those most near and dear to you — oh, it almost unmans me. How cruel I must have appeared to you! How can I ever compensate you for all your sufferings on my account, to speak nothing of those endured from other causes? I feel as if I had been the guilty occasion of all, by not re-

maining in New York until your arrival. Why did we trust to the uncertainty of letters, when the welfare of you and yours was at stake? Oh, Rose, tell me, can you ever forgive me?"

"Do not speak so, dear Maurice!" answered the weeping but happy girl, as with her own trembling arm she affectionately clung to the manly one which still encircled her neck. "Do not speak in this manner, for you are not to blame. It was all the miserable result of an unfortunate combination of circumstances. Even if you were to blame, how could you doubt my forgiveness?"

Maurice was just bending his cheek toward the lips of Rose, to beg the seal of her forgiveness, when Edward laid his hand on his shoulder, and gently putting him aside, "Come, come, Maurice!" said he, with an arch smile, "you have had this dear girl to yourself as long as I can spare her. Give me an opportunity now to whisper soft things in her ear."

Maurice instantly resigned his seat, and Edward enveloping the slight form of his sister in a loose wrapper gently lifted her from the bed and placing her on his knees, rocked her in his

arms as tenderly and affectionately as a mother rocks her first-born child to rest.

"Rosy, dear Rosy," he exclaimed, fondly kissing the delicate cheek which confidingly reposed within an inch of his own. "Does not this remind you of "auld lyne syne;" when we strayed together among the banks and braes of bonny Scotland? How many times have I taken you in my arms to carry you across some brawling little stream which your timid feet were afraid to ford, and how many times have I placed you on my knees to rest you, when you were weary with too long a ramble among our own dear hills and heather. Those were blessed times, dear sister, and we shall never see them again, but we will try to be as happy in an adopted, as we were in our own native country. I have a pleasant home at the west, and our dear father and mother have promised to come and enjoy it, and I hope with the assistance of Maurice, to persuade you to share it also. You will soon be well again, or there is no truth in doctors. And between us both we will teach you to love your new home as fondly as you loved dear old Scotland.

"Any home would be happy with my father and mother and you and Maurice," she whispered in a lower tone. "You recollect the song we used to sing:—

"'T is home where'er the heart is,
Where'er its loved ones dwell;
In cities or in cottages,
Thronged streets or mossy dell.'

"Give your poor Rose but the assurance that we shall be together, that we shall not be separated again, and she will be happy in the rudest cabin of the west."

"That is my own Rose!" said Edward, with a look of deep affection. "There spake the same loving girl that used to hang around my neck when we were children. We never will be separated again, dear sister, Maurice and I have wealth enough for us all. We are in a highly lucrative business, and, by the blessing of God, we can place those we love where poverty and distress shall not assail them again. But I see that Maurice is beginning to look envious of me, and so I think it will be best to transfer you once more to your couch." And with another affec-

tionate kiss, Edward gently deposited his precious burden on her little cot.

"And now," said Edward, "we must endeavor to find a dwelling more comfortable and airy than this, and one too that will accommodate a larger family, for we do not intend to be separated from you for a single night, until Rose is well, and we have you all safe under our own roof in St. Louis; and you must know, that we have one of the prettiest little fairy spots in all the west. Two charming cottages built just alike, and I suppose it would not require a witch to guess who will be mistress of one," said he, with an arch smile, "a spacious and delightful garden attached to each, in which we have already growing, the broom, the heather, the blue-bell, and other Scotch flowers enough to cheat one into the belief that he is in a mimic Scotland. Father will be in paradise when he is at work among those dear old native plants, and the smell of the fragrant heather will bring back the roses again to the cheeks of this poor pining girl."

The young men soon sallied out, and, assisted by Mr. Grant, succeeded without difficulty in

finding handsome and commodious rooms already furnished, to which the united family the next day removed. Rose bore the fatigues of the removal without the least injury, and, under the skilful treatment of her physician, aided by a salubrious atmosphere and a buoyant feeling of happiness to which she had long been a stranger, rapidly improved in health and strength.

"I shall have to divide the credit of my patient's recovery with you," said he, one day to Maurice and Edward. "Love and happiness are doing as much for her, as all my medicine. But never mind, I will not quarrel with you for usurping my profession; I shall be but too happy to see the dear girl restored to health again."

"Ah, happiness is a great medicine, as I can attest," said the old gentleman, who had been a quiet listener to the remarks of the physician; "I feel that I am growing hale and sound again beneath its influence. I think I shall soon be as young as any of you, except it be my little Rose. Why she begins to look as blooming as any bonny highland flower in all Scotland. Well, doctor, I must confess I feel it my duty to retract some of the expressions I have used in relation

to the physicians of this country. Every time I have looked at Rose for the last ten days, my conscience has goaded me for them."

"Do not put yourself to any trouble about it," said the physician, laughing, "I see that I have achieved a victory over your prejudices, and that is enough for so unambitious a man as myself."

"Well," replied the old man, with a satisfied look, "you are welcome to that victory, since you have cured poor Rose. Come Rosy, dear, let me see you walk as you did this morning."

Maurice instantly sprang to the side of the happy girl, and gently passing one arm around her waist, assisted her still unsteady steps, while she walked several times up and down the room.

"See, dear father; see, doctor," said she, with the look and voice of a delighted child, "I can walk as well as ever, with the assistance of the strong arm of Maurice," and she pressed the arm which encircled her, affectionately against her heart. "And see how steady and firm my arm is too!" she continued, taking up a glass of

water, which stood near, and holding it out without spilling a drop.

"Ah, I see," said the good physician, "you are giving me a very palpable hint, that my services may soon be dispensed with. But I shall come to see you at any rate as long as I can, and so good-by for this afternoon," and taking up his hat, he departed.

CHAPTER VI.

"Young, chaste, and lovely — pleased, yet half afraid,
Before yon altar droops a plighted maid,
Clad in her bridal robe of taintless white,
Dumb with the scene, yet trepid with delight;
Frequent she turns her beauty-beaming eye,
Dimmed with a tear of happiness gone by!
Then coyly views, in youth's commanding pride,
Her own admired one panting by her side;
Like lilies bending from the noontide breeze,
Her bashful eyelids droop beneath his gaze;
While love and homage lend their blissful power,
And shed a halo round the marriage hour."

MONTGOMERY.

IT was a warm, bright morning, in the middle of beautiful October. The sun was streaming in through the casement of a pleasant parlor, in H—— street, which was redolent of the sweet odors exhaled from numerous charming exotics, which graced the flower-stands, stationed under each window. In front of the house were two large horse-chestnut trees, whose rich

autumn-tinted foliage was just beginning to grow sere, and fall rustling to the pavement.

It was the residence of the good physican, and within that parlor was congregated a little group of staid and well-dressed persons, the parents of the owner of the dwelling, and Mr. and Mrs. Campbell — whose countenances seemed beaming with happiness and expectation. They were apparently awaiting the appearance of some important addition to their company, while now and then, a gay, sweet-looking young girl, of seventeen, the daughter of the physician, would flit into the room, and after glancing around for a moment, hurry out again, as if on business of the most mysterious importance.

"Mr. Grant is late," said Mr. Campbell, rising, and walking to the window. "I wonder what detains him."

These words were hardly uttered when the door-bell announced a new-comer, and Mr. Grant entered the room, his benevolent countenance radiant with pleasure. He begged pardon for being rather later than he had intended, and, cordially and affectionately saluting the company, took his seat by Mrs. Campbell.

"The day is come, then, my dear Mrs. Campbell," said he, "for your departure for the west. Well, God speed you on your journey! I feel that there is little which should make New York a happy place to you, and while I regret your departure, I cannot but congratulate you on the circumstance. You are going to a happy home, and I have no doubt that the journey will complete the restoration of your daughter's health, which is already far better than that of half the young ladies of our city, who call themselves well. October is generally a most delightful season for travelling, and this year uncommonly so. But I believe," said he, rising from his seat, "our young friends are coming."

A slight bustle was heard in the back parlor, when the folding-doors were thrown suddenly open, and the physician appeared, ushering a bridal party into the room. As they advanced to the upper end of the apartment, a low murmur of admiration at the loveliness of the bride, ran round the circle. She was still delicate from recent illness, but there was, nevertheless, a soft glow on her cheek, which indicated renovated health and vigor. She was modestly attired in

white satin, which fitted closely to the graceful proportions of her figure; a wreath of orange flowers, according well with the almost infantile beauty of her countenance, encircled her head, while a white moss rose, scarcely fairer than its beautiful resting-place, trembled on her throbbing bosom.

She was leaning on the arm of her affianced husband, and her soft blue eyes fell, and a blush of ingenuous modesty suffused her delicate cheek, as she observed the admiring gaze of all turned upon her. She was followed by the bridesmaid, the fair girl we have already mentioned, who was attired precisely like herself, and as she timidly advanced, clinging to the arm of Edward Campbell, a more interesting looking creature can scarcely be conceived.

They took their stations at the upper end of the apartment, and Mr. Grant, after a short and impressive prayer, pronounced the service which was to unite in the bonds of matrimony, Maurice Logan and the young and gentle Rose Campbell. When the minister solemnly proposed the question, "Maurice Logan, you receive Rose Campbell, whom you hold by the right hand, as

your lawful and wedded wife, and as such you promise to love, honor, respect, and support her, and to perform toward her all the duties of a kind, faithful, and affectionate husband, so long as you both shall live?" there was a deep devotedness in the look which he bent upon the trusting and gentle creature at his side, and in the intonations of his voice, as he distinctly and fervently pronounced "I do!" which spoke volumes of truth and affection.

The ceremony was soon completed, and fervent and heart-felt were the wishes which were poured forth for the happiness of the newly wedded pair; wishes which were received by Rose with mingled smiles and tears, and by Maurice with grateful and manly dignity. All was joy and gladness, and in all that happy group there was but one sad heart, and one melancholy brow. It was that of Mrs. Campbell. She indeed rejoiced in the happiness of her gentle Rose, but mingled with that joy was one bitter recollection which she strove in vain to keep back. She remembered the equally joyous bridals of her other daughter — that daughter whose prospects for long life and hap-

piness had been unshadowed by a single doubt, but who widowed and weary-hearted, had, in a few short years, found an untimely and an unrecorded grave in the fathomless depths of the melancholy sea.

She was sitting thus buried in the memories of the past, when Edward stole softly to her side, and requested her to take a short walk with him and his father. Wondering whither their steps were to be directed, she instantly complied, and they were soon in the open street, and bending their course toward the churchyard, in which reposed that dear child, whom in loneliness and sorrow, they had but a short time since, sadly laid in its last earthly dwelling.

"Dear mother," said Edward, "there is one spot which I knew you would like to visit before you left this part of the country, and as we go this afternoon, this is our only opportunity. I would not sadden poor Rose on her bridal morning, and therefore gave her no hint of our walk. And I should have felt some hesitation in taking you to so sad a place, but I saw by the mournful abstraction of your manner, that your thoughts were already there."

"You were right, dear Edward," replied the mother, with a grateful tear, "I was indeed musing on the melancholy past, and meditating how I should contrive to visit our little Sidney's grave, without casting a shadow over the bright sunshine of happiness we have left behind us. And I thank you for the affectionate consideration which has made the task so easy."

They had by this time reached the churchyard, and the sexton, who was already waiting for them, respectfully opened the gate, and bade them enter. They directed their steps toward the well-remembered corner, which was consecrated in the hearts of the aged pair, as the resting-place of their child, but what was their surprise, as they drew near, to perceive that a plain white marble obelisk had been erected over the grave. It was surrounded by a neat iron railing, and fresh green sods covered the little mound. With beating hearts and overflowing eyes, they approached it, and, through the tear-drops that almost blinded their vision, read the following inscription:—

ERECTED
BY A BROTHER,
TO THE MEMORY OF AGNES M'INTYRE,
A NATIVE OF SCOTLAND.
WHO DIED AT SEA, DECEMBER 19, 1838.
AGED TWENTY-THREE YEARS.

AND TO HER INFANT SON,
Who departed this life, April 5th, 1839, *and is now resting beneath this stone.*

Their bodies are separated on earth, but their spirits are united in heaven.

The hearts of the long-tried mourners were too full for utterance. They turned a look of gratitude upon their son, and sinking on their knees by the side of the little grave, poured out a tribute of thanksgiving to God, for the many blessings yet spared to them; then pressing their lips to the smooth and verdant mound they rose and, with one sad farewell to its slumbering tenant, turned away and left the spot for ever.

CHAPTER VII.

"Westward Ho!"

It was a sorrowful hour for many hearts, the one which witnessed the departure of the Campbells for the city of the west, which was destined to be their future home. And there were many who would fain have deferred the evil hour, and have detained them altogether, for though their acquaintance with their new friends had been but of brief duration, and formed under circumstances, which to the worldly-minded would have seemed anything but favorable, and would in all probability have presented an inseparable barrier to the intimacy of friendship, yet were there those around the fibres of whose hearts they had so closely entwined themselves, that separation seemed almost too painful to be borne.

Among them was the gentle daughter of the good physician — the fair girl who had officiated as bridesmaid, on the eventful occasion of the marriage of Rose Campbell.

Mary Grafton was an affectionate and unsophisticated creature, possessing all the kind-heartedness of her father, united with just enough romance of character to incline her to an admiration of every person or thing which was a little out of the usual order of common every-day life. When, therefore, her father related to her his call to visit the poor Scotch girl, and the interest she and her parents had excited in him, the imagination of Mary was instantly and powerfully aroused, and she was seized with a strong desire to visit and befriend the suffering invalid. This desire she was soon resolved on gratifying. She accordingly, a few days after, accompanied her father on one of his morning visits to the poor girl, and finding in her a being precisely suited to her own tastes and feelings she had given her all her warm heart, and loved and treated her with the affection of a sister. As may be supposed Rose was not backward in returning the affection of her

new and disinterested friend, and next to her own family and Maurice, she loved her better than any being in the world.

During her long and daily visits to Rose, Mary had constant opportunities for observing the amiable and affectionate disposition of Edward. She witnessed his unceasing devotion to his sister, and admired the cheerful tenderness with which, hour after hour, and day after day, he watched over and tended her. It was not in the nature of so young and susceptible a creature to behold such virtues unmoved, and when admiration for the manly beauty of his person was united with that of his other qualities, what wonder that a feeling for the young man, stronger than the warmest friendship, stole into her youthful heart. But such was the case, and long before the day which was to witness the marriage and departure of Rose, the idea of Edward Campbell had assumed an ascendency in the mind of Mary over every other thought and feeling of her existence.

The time for their departure at length arrived, and as the gentle-hearted girl hung on the neck of Rose, entreating her to write often and not

to forget her, who shall say how many of the bitter tears which were poured out on the bosom of the sister, were shed for her affectionate and manly brother? Rose was as much overcome at parting as her friends, and many were her assurances of unchangeable affection, and her promises of constant remembrance and frequent correspondence.

Mary had taken leave of all her other friends, and turned to say farewell to Edward. But as she took his hand to speak the parting wishes, the color faded from her cheek, and the words died away on her lips. After a momentary and unavailing struggle to overcome her emotions, she raised her eyes to his, and saw that his lips were also quivering with a vain attempt to speak, and that his eyes were suffused with tears. But other eyes were upon them and while his more yielding companion finished by bursting into tears, the young man by a strong effort mastered his emotion, and wringing the little trembling hand, he still held with one that trembled with equal violence, he faltered out, "Mary, do not forget me!" and pressing a kiss upon lips which were not withdrawn, he darted

from the house, ascended the carriage in which his friends were already seated, and was in another moment gone.

When the excitement of the departure of her friends was over, Mary once more returned to her customary avocations, but not with her customary zeal and cheerfulness. It was not long before her father observed a change in his once lively daughter. He saw that when busy at her needle, her hand would often fall listlessly on her lap, and she would sit gazing on vacancy, until his heart was pained at the length of her evidently sad revery. Frequently, too, when occupied with a book, the leaves would remain unturned, and the tears would fall fast and unconsciously upon its pages.

But he forebore to notice this change by any remark, trusting to time and her own good sense to wean her from the object, which he but too easily conjectured, was the cause of her melancholy musings. But her melancholy was destined soon to be removed by other means than he anticipated.

About two months after the departure of Edward and his family, Dr. Grafton received a let-

ter from the young man, enclosing a package for Mary. What their contents were, I cannot precisely say, but the cheek of Mary soon grew as bright, and her step as elastic, as ever, while her father appeared at first surprised, next rather disappointed, and, finally, satisfied with the perusal of his.

It was soon observed by the young friends of Mary, that she was growing unusually industrious, and that an unaccountable quantity of her time was devoted to sewing; while not many months elapsed before it was rumored that the doctor was about to dispose of his property in New York, retire from his profession, and remove to St. Louis. This excited little surprise among his friends, as it was known that he had amassed a fortune sufficient to render his future days independent, and that he had often expressed a desire to visit the far west. But it was not known that Edward Campbell had solicited and obtained the promise of the hand of Mary Grafton in marriage.

October at length came, and with it came Edward Campbell once more. His business in New York was soon accomplished, and when

he returned to St. Louis, to the surprise of Mary's friends, he returned, accompanied by a new father and a new wife.

THE VALLEY OF PEACE.

It was a beautiful conception of the Moravians to give to rural cemeteries the appropriate name of "*Valleys*" or "*Fields of Peace*"

Oh, come, let us go to the Valley of Peace!
There earth's weary cares to perplex us shall cease;
We will stray through its solemn, and far-spreading shades,
Till twilight's last ray from each green hillock fades.
There slumber the friends whom we long must regret—
The forms whose mild beauty we cannot forget!
We will seek the low mounds where so softly they sleep,
And will sit down and muse on the idols we weep;
But we will not repine that they are hid from our eyes,
For we know they still live in a home in the skies;
But we 'll pray that, when life's weary journey shall cease,
We may slumber with them in the Valley of Peace!

Oh, sad were our path through this valley of tears,
If, when weary and wasted with toil and with years,
No home were prepared, where the pilgrim might lay
Mortality's cumbering vestments away!
But sadder, and deeper, and darker the gloom,
That would close o'er our way as we speed to the tomb,
If faith pointed not to that heavenly goal,
Where the sun of eternity beams on the soul!
Oh, who, 'mid the sorrows and changes of time,
E'er dreamed of that holy, that happier clime,
But yearned for the hour of the spirit's release—
For a pillow of rest in the Valley of Peace!

Oh, come, thou pale mourner, whose sorrowing gaze
Seems fixed on the shadows of long-vanished days—

Sad, sad is thy tale of bereavement and wo,
And thy spirit is weary of life's garish show!
Come here — I will show thee a haven of rest,
Where sorrow no longer invades the calm breast —
Where the spirit throws off its dull mantle of care,
And the robe is ne'er folded o'er secret despair!
Yet the dwelling is lonely, and silent, and cold,
And the soul may shrink back as its portals unfold;
But a bright star has dawned through the shades of the east,
That will light up with beauty the Valley of Peace!

Thou frail child of error! come hither and say,
Has the world yet a charm that can lure thee to stay?
Ah, no! in thine aspect is anguish and wo,
And deep shame has written its name on thy brow!
Poor outcast! too long hast thou wandered forlorn,
In a path where thy feet are all gored with the thorn —
Where thy breast by the fang of the serpent is stung,
And scorn on thy head by a cold world is flung!
Come here, and find rest from thy guilt and thy tears,
And a sleep sweet as that of thine innocent years!
We will spread thee a couch where thy woes shall all cease,
Oh, come and lie down in the Valley of Peace!

The grave! ah, the grave! 't is a mighty strong-hold,
The weak, the oppressed, all are safe in its fold!
There penury's toil-wasted children may come,
And the helpless, the houseless, at last find a home!
What myriads unnumbered have sought its repose,
Since the day when the sun on creation first rose:
And there, till earth's latest, dread morning shall break,
Shall its wide generations their last dwelling make!
But beyond is a world — how resplendently bright!
And all that have lived shall be bathed in its light!
We shall rise — we shall soar where earth's sorrows shall cease,
Though our mortal clay rests in the Valley of Peace!

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